

1984

\$1.75
56468-3

NO. EIGHT

SEPT.

A WARREN MAGAZINE

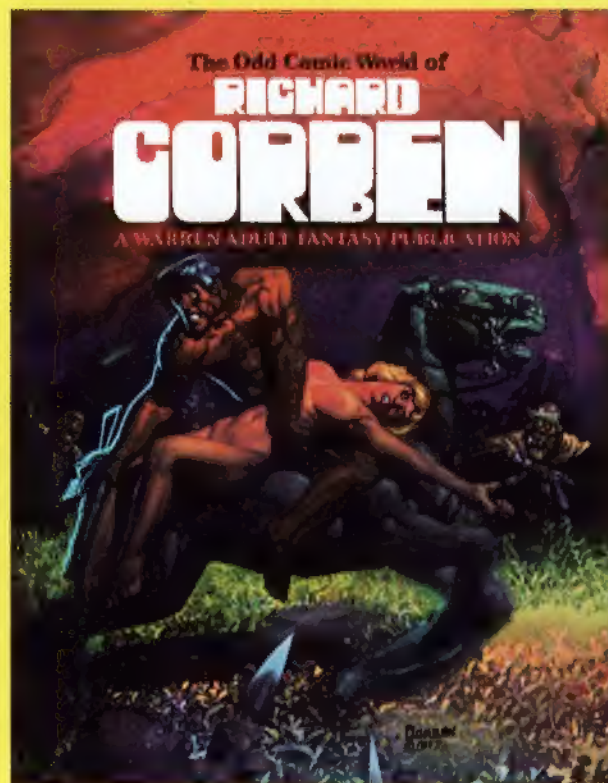
1984 ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY



PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY!

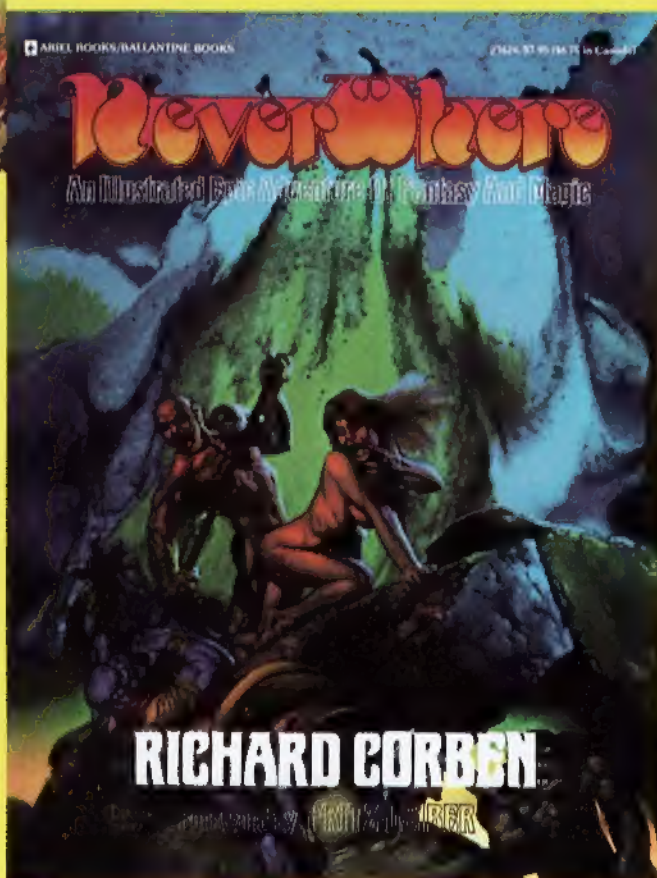
LAUREN

CORBEN!



Cover to cover Corben! The hottest, most sought after talent in American comics today illustrates 9 of the most breathtakingly beautiful tales ever presented in comic form. Nine uncensored classics of the Corbenesque world of sin, sensuality and exquisite sexuality. 35 pages in livid black and white as only Corben can render it. And, if that weren't enough—39 pages in glorious, brilliant Corben color. There is more! An introduction by the leading master of the graphic story—Will Eisner! All in all, 80 pages of the purest orgasmic visual delights, sure to plunge even the limpest of Corben enthusiasts into throws of wanton ecstasy! This soft-cover 8½"x10½" collectors classic is from Warren!
#21313/\$3.98

NEVERWHERE is the epic illustrated adventure of **DEN** in a fantastical and magical world that only Richard Corben could create! Each panel is shot through with coruscating colors that slide beyond the edge of imagination and seethe with vitality. Go down Corben's off ramp into the subconscious. Follow **DEN**'s chromatic adventures in **Neverwhere** as he fights the unimaginable, confronts the inconceivable and strives for the unattainable—and gets her! Welcome to Corbenland, you'll never want to leave! Experience the luscious almost orgasmic delights of Corben's art work, his use of colors and his loving almost heroic attention to the undraped human form! This 9"x12" full color collectors comic classic is available through Warren publications. Be sure to get yours! Otherwise you'll have no one to blame but you!
#21321/\$7.95



1984

MAGAZINE

NUMBER EIGHT SEPT. 1979

1984



JAMES WARREN
Publisher

W.B. DuBAY
Editor

CHRIS ADAMES
THOMAS GHEE, JR.
Assistant Editors

JIM LAURIER
Cover

PAINTER'S MOUNTAIN

6

Painter was different! His body refused to be affected by whatever it was that had turned his tribe into beasts. And Painter, mad as he seemed to be, was certain that he had been put on earth to save the human race!



By Budd Lewis, Bill DuBay and Alex Nino

HERMA

22



Sir Robert Draftstree-Battlesberry ventured to the arctic wastes seeking the elusive Tactibranchia Streptoneura, a small but prolific ice clam! What he found instead, rocked the very pillars of modern scientific thought!

By Bill DuBay and Jose Gonzalez

TWILIGHT'S END

30

For six weeks the orbiter had monitored the planet, recording and evaluating every event on its surface. Now, its monitoring over, a glistening silver hand thrust at the controls. It was time for the savages to meet god!



By Alabaster Redzone and Rudy Nebres

MUTANT WORLD

43



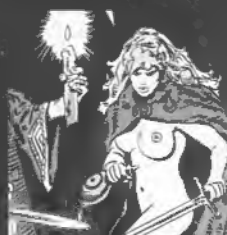
Poor Dimento! The only woman he had ever loved, indeed, the only woman he had ever seen, had run away with another man! He was alone, sad, and ready to end it all when suddenly he saw them: The mammaries of his dreams!

By Jan strnad and Richard Corben

GHITA of ALIZARR

51

As the Trollian hordes ravaged the city of Alizarr, a long-dead general ravaged Ghita! And yet, as long as he was, the decaying war-hero could not satisfy her as well as the even longer shaft of his glistening sword!



By Frank Thorne

MADMEN and MESSIAHS

63



Like Orwell said, 1984 wasn't a particularly good year! After the gas riots of '81 and the tax strikes of '82, it seemed like things just couldn't get much worse. They did! Just as Emperor Kennedy was sworn into office!

By Bill DuBay and Abel Laxamana

ONCE UPON A HOLOCAUST

74

Hardtack wasn't a nice man. He knew about the Cryo-Center. He knew that there, in a deep, dormant sleep, lay the last woman alive. But he was not about to share her. Not even if it meant saving a dying humankind!



By Nicola Cuti, Bill DuBay and Alex Nino

1984 MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR, IN FEBRUARY, JUNE, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND DECEMBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, EDITORIAL SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

TELEPHONE (212) 683-6050.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: SIX ISSUES FOR \$9.00 IN THE U.S.A., CANADA AND ELSEWHERE: \$12.00. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGE PENDING AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1979 BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, WHICH COMPANY IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CONCEPTION AND CONTENT. ALL RIGHTS

RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS, THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. SORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

SUBSCRIBERS: PLEASE ALLOW EIGHT WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF FIRST ISSUE. * 1984 MAGAZINE IS THE PROPERTY SOLELY OF WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, WHICH COMPANY IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CONCEPTION AND CONTENT.

incoming telemetry



WHERE'S THAT OLD WARREN INNOVATION?

One of the biggest reasons why I like 1984 is that it is a publication wherein the reader is allowed to say what he feels without being censored. Indeed, you seem to encourage healthy arguments and verbal vulgarities as long as they make interesting reading.

Well, I don't know how interesting this letter is going to be, but I do have a bitch I would like to get off my chest.

A lot of what I read in the letters pages of the Warren magazines, praises Jim Warren on his innovation for publishing black and white comic books, and applauds his ardent desire to print only the best absolute best in illustrated stories. Well, I think that's all bullshit.

First of all, Warren hasn't had an original magazine idea in twenty years. He continually repeats the same successful Famous Monsters formula with these rip-off movie one-shots that he has been flooding the market with in recent months. And his comic magazines have remained essentially unchanged since he stole the idea for CREEPY #1...

1984, like all the Warren magazines, is nothing more than a hodge-podge collection of unrelated short stories. There is no meat to any of it. Hasn't anyone ever told Warren that the short story is dead? Just once I would like to see him publish a book length epic: Something with substance, and originality that his readers can sink their teeth into.

Oh sure, he's come close, with a couple of book-length Vampirella stories, and a few Rook stories that have fallen just short of the mark because they were never given the necessary room to expand. But if you don't like blood-lusting aliens and time travelling adventurers, even these were unsatisfying.

Why can't we, just once, have a book-length science fiction novel in 1984? I mean cover-to-cover, with none of this continued-next-issue shit? Why can't we have substance in the comics?

If anyone can do it, I know Warren can. His eighty-page magazine formats are the perfect proving grounds for these graphic super-novels. What say, guys? At least try it!

CHRIS SHOPIERE
Reedsville, Wisc.



IN COME THE HACKS OUT GO THE MASTERS?

Like all of your regular readers and ardent followers, I read with some trepidation your announcement in issue #6 that Frank Thorne would soon make his "momentous" debut in 1984.

I knew that Thorne's appearance within your pages would, by necessity of space alone, force one of the other fine artists out of the pages of the magazine. And knowing that Esteban Maroto's Idi Amin series would soon be taking its final bows, I logically assumed that Thorne would be Maroto's replacement.

I will not deny that the mere thought of it made me quake with not a little fear over the future of 1984. How could Thorne, a long-time comic book hack, replace my all-time favorite comic magazine illustrator? Would this presage visions of more to come? Other, lesser funny book illuminaries taking over for the peerless talents that have made 1984 so great? Ah, I feared, it was the beginning of the end.

And then came 1984 #7. Thorne was in, Maroto was out... just as I had anticipated. But miracle of miracles, I could scarce believe my eyes. Thorne's "Ghita" far surpassed anything that I had ever seen illustrated by my former artistic favorite Maroto. It has style and flair and wit, and a heroine that makes Maroto's girls look sick. Ghita is alive, thanks to Thorne's breathtaking art and enthralling storyline. She is, without a doubt, the best thing about 1984.

PATRICK YORK
Whitmire, S.C.

Let me tell you quite frankly that I have never read Marvel's Red Sonja comic book series. Ardent chauvinist that I am, the very idea of a female Conan nauseated me beyond mere words. And, quite frankly, when I read your announcement in 1984 #6 that Frank Thorne was soon to do his all-new improved version of Red Sonja for 1984, I was aghast, disheartened and ready to cancel my subscription to what I had thought was going to be a fine and innovative magazine.

And then came 1984 #7. With Thorne's "Ghita," making her debut appearance. To be quite honest with you, I read every other story in the issue, and then put the magazine aside not having the least desire to read the Ghita tale.

But something made me go back. Some intangible urging would not permit me to cast 1984 aside until every word, every line of art was perused and evaluated.

Slowly, hesitantly, I began "Ghita"... and was instantly, irreversibly mesmerized!

Thorne's miraculous art, his dual prologue with both Ghita and her Antediluvian city being ravished simultaneously, were pure delight to behold.

Thorne made me instantly love Ghita and the tumbumping old sot, Theneff. Oh sure, it's obvious that he has stolen the best of Red Sonja, with more than a passing nod to Vampirella and her own besotted prestigator. But his well-plotted, craftily-penned tale made me fall instantly in love with his characters. And now, quite the opposite of how I felt when I began reading this issue of 1984, I cannot wait for the second and future installments of this comic classic.

I guess you guys up there behind the editorial desks knew what you were blowing your horn about! With Gita and Thorne you really have something to be proud of!

DALE GREEN
Maupin, Ore.

NEBRES, REDZONE TOPS!

Rudy Nebres and Alabaster Redzone are doing a really fine job on the continuing epic "Twilight's End."

So far I've been engrossed by both chapters of the story, and while I'm still not sure exactly where it is I am being taken, I know that I'm having a lot of fun getting there.

DEBBY LANSDALE
Smyrna, Del.

NO MORE MINDLESS MARVEL RIPOFFS

I never thought I'd see a story like "Kaiser Warduke and the Indispensable Jasper Gemstone" within a magazine like 1984. I was under the impression that you folks were supposed to be producing an innovative, thought-provoking and intelligent comic book feature for an adult readership. Rich Margopoulos' "Kaiser Warduke" was none of those things. It was utter garbage!

While the story started out on a respectable enough though cliché premise (the Big War, mutants, etc.), it deteriorated quickly into a nonsensical string of disjointed one-liners which led us on a wearing trip through mediocre Marvel-style battle scenes and a downbeat conclusion that served no purpose whatsoever and only blatantly illustrated that the story lacked both plot and purpose.

If this is the calibre of work of which Margopoulos is capable these days, then I say blackball the hack from the pages of comics forever! It is so-called "writers" like these who are singing the death knell of the medium.

OLDEN SHEFFIELD
Derry, N.H.

Okay, you guys have had your fling poking fun at Marvel Comics' senseless and repetitive muscle-bound hero action tales. And your little satire didn't come off any better than the mindless tripe that's being spewn out so regularly over at that rival comics publisher. So let's not see any more crap like "Kaiser Warduke and the Indispensable Jasper Gemstone!"

LYNN MASSEY
Northfield, N.J.

I really like 1984 for it's truly excellent comic book art. When I buy a copy of the magazine, I know sight unseen, that I am about to be treated to the absolute finest comic art to see print today.

Rich Corben, Alex Nino, Rudy Nebres, Jose Ortiz, and now Frank Thorne.

What I'd like to know, though, is how, among all these shining stars of the comics field, did a hack like Jimmy James find his way into the pages of such an otherwise excellent magazine? Even the incomparable rendering of Alfredo Alcalá cannot cover up James' blatant artistic thievery.

The man is not an artist. He is a Xerox machine, reproducing some of the most mundane Marvel Comics work ever published. Couldn't you please dump James and give us 100% pure, untainted Alfredo Alcalá?

GAIL WOODSON
Roseland, N.J.



BOOK-LENGTH NINO EPICS IMPOSSIBLE?

1984 #7 was a classic for one reason alone: Alex Nino's imaginative and purely exciting art.

With each passing issue, Nino's artistic expertise actually seems to improve. His varying techniques give his work a freshness that is not seen in the work of even the truly great illustrations produced by Jose Ortiz, Alfredo Alcalá, Richard Corben or any of the other 1984 regulars.

And this issue's Nino offering was particularly fine because there was so much more of it. Two stories, and both fourteen pages in length. I was in Heaven!

I hope we'll be seeing more issues of 1984 like this in the future, with more of Nino's masterful art.

ELLIE CLAY
Farmington, Mass.

My favorite funny book artist is Alex Nino. There is no other illustrator working in the medium today who exercises such originality, such flair, such boundless imagination in his art.

Just look at that magnificent futuristic city on the splash page of "Teleport 2010." Has anything more inspired ever sprung from the imagination of a mere man? Nino is a genius. He is also the main reason why I regularly purchase 1984.

CLAUDIA SOCHI
Howell, Mich.

Two Alex Nino stories per issue is not enough! Any chance of having him illustrate an entire issue of 1984 . . . cover to cover?

CHARLIE SACO
Wilsall, Mont.

Ah, if only he could, Charlie! But we're afraid that it would take up so much of Alex's time as to preclude his regular monthly work for 1984. And we wouldn't want an issue to go by without Alex's fanciful illustrations gracing our pages. Would you?

NEBRES ART GREAT BUT COULD BE BETTER

Rudy Nebres' artwork for Warren Publishing is the absolute best work in his comics illustrating career. It is so detailed, so fluent and so engrossing that he actually makes me feel as though I am on the far-away worlds he is illustrating.

I was enjoying my usual feeling of displaced euphoria as I read the second installment of his truly engrossing "Twilight's End" saga, until, that is, I came upon the third page in that story, at which point I had to just stop, and shudder with delight.

The exquisite use of tonal values on that page lent a quality and depth of realism to Nebres' art which, as excellent as it is, seems to have been lacking before, and was truly stunning to behold.

Wouldn't it be possible for Rudy to "color" all of his pages with varying values, as he did this one? It would make his already-beautiful black and white art ever so much more pleasant to look at!

BEATRICE GONZALEZ
Hayward, Calif.

WHERE ARE WARREN'S, SUPER STARS?

1984 #7 was very different from the preceding six issues of the magazine. Noticeably different.

The entire tone of the magazine seemed altered to me. Gone were the clever little barbs and witticisms, and sadly lacking were those small touches of genius which have, to this point, made the magazine so great.

It took me awhile to figure out why the stories seemed so different, but intellect that I am, it eventually hit me. There wasn't one story in the issue by that was authored by that duo of double-entred debauchery, Jim Stenstrum and Bill DuBay. Instead, we were gifted with the mediocre mundanity of Budd Lewis, Gerry Boudreau and Rich Margopoulos. It was just like the good old days when those "talents" reigned supreme within the Warren magazines. I didn't like them way back when. And I like them even less now.

So what's happened? Has quarterback Dube and his star receiver stepped aside to let the second string take the field and try for the elusive winning points? I sure hope not, because the second string just isn't making it anymore.

Us loyal fans want to see that all-star team back in action. We want the genius that has made 1984 what it is! Give us back Stenstrum and Dube.

ROWE WHITE
Grandy, Minn.



PAINTER'S MOUNTAIN

The city glistened like a golden jewel in the bright orange sunlight of dusk.

The encroaching night crept boldly upon the day's lengthening shadows. The tribe filed quietly from the concrete spires happy to return to their homes in the verdant, overgrown forest.

The day's foraging was at an end. With the darkening skies came the pleasures of the night and the chance to enjoy the meagre treasures scrounged in the long-dead city of ghosts.

With the night came the inevitable disputes . . .

. . . and the continuance of life's endless problems.

Painter!
What is the matter?
Why are you going?

You can
be next if
you'd like.

The others can fight for your favors, Davina.

I'm not interested in sharing your love with barbarians.

Ha ha! Let the fairy-boy go! It'll mean more pussy for the rest of us!

Painter was a loner, among a tribe of forest-dwelling loners. He, unlike his people, was distressingly aware of the depths to which the human race had plummeted; of the promise which it had been denied.

Look at them! Wasting their energies.

And for what? A fleeting moment of pleasure!

Shit! It means nothing!

And pussy is life, is it not, Ygor?

Pussy is everything!

The others simply did not seem to understand that they had, for some monstrously inconceivable reason, succumbed completely to their most basic primordial instincts.

Painter was different. Perhaps the chemistry within his brain refused to be effected by whatever it was that had turned his brothers into beasts.

Or perhaps Painter was, as he believed himself to be, a throwback to more civilized times . . . to a day when the cities and mankind had a purpose . . . when man used his brain instead of his brute strength to accomplish his long-forgotten, but no less illustrious goals.

Dammit all! They make me sick! They don't care about the cities. They don't care about their own well-being.

They don't give a shit for anything but the smell of a bitch in heat!

Assholes!

How can you be so goddamn blind?

You're wasting your lives! For nothing!

Because of savages like you, we'll be living in treetops forever!

Painter's outburst was as savage, as base as those of his despised brothers. It was so unlike him, he knew. And yet, even as he watched the red gore ooze from the skulls of those he had struck down, his heart ached with a dull, inner tinge of pain.

He did not mean to kill. He did not mean to hurt. He wanted only to save his brothers . . . to help them usher in a brighter tomorrow.

P-Painter—! W-Why—!

WHY??

Why, Boris? Because you are an animal and deserve no better!

You would serve better gutted and thrust upon a spit, to fill the empty bellies of your children!



You are not fit to call yourself a man!

You fairy fucker! Put that club down and I'll show you who's a man!



THKK!

Ending your miserable life will be like putting an animal out of its misery!



Noooooo!

And you, bitch . . . spreading your legs for anyone who would have you! Do you really think that is the way a woman is supposed to be?



Is it better to spill blood needlessly, Painter? Is that what makes you better than the rest of us? Because you know how to kill!?



What's going on here? Painter! What have you done to your brothers?

He has slain them, grandfather! The Painter has gone mad!

Painter . . . no! It is right for the strong to fight . . . for the strong to take from the weak, so that they may survive . . .!

You . . . you know know the consequences, my son.

But it is against the law of nature to kill!



Noooooo! You need me!

As you say, grandfather, the strong must survive!

I am the strongest! I alone can lead you out of your meaningless existence!



SKOWW!

Without me, you will remain apes!



Without me . . . you will die!



Don't you understand? I can save you!

He is mad!

You need me!

The rabid dog must be destroyed!

Painter ran . . . with his tribesmen in feverish pursuit. They wanted to end his suffering, quell his sickness, before it was passed to others, equally susceptible to the strange malady of madness!



But Painter knew he was not ill. Like so many long-forgotten messiahs, he was convinced that he alone was enlightened . . .



. . . that in him alone lay the hope of the future!



And in his conviction, he was certain that any means necessary to reach his end, would be justified to insure his survival.



Ignorant heathens!

Painter was not an evil man.



One day you will see! Only the Painter will survive! The Painter . . . and those who will follow him!

But he was a murderously desperate man.



The weeks passed slowly for the outcast as he eeked forth a meagre survival on the summit of a nearby mountain. Painter stayed away from his family, allowing time to heal the wounds he had caused them.

Then one day, the scent of something familiar wafted upon the gentle winds . . .!



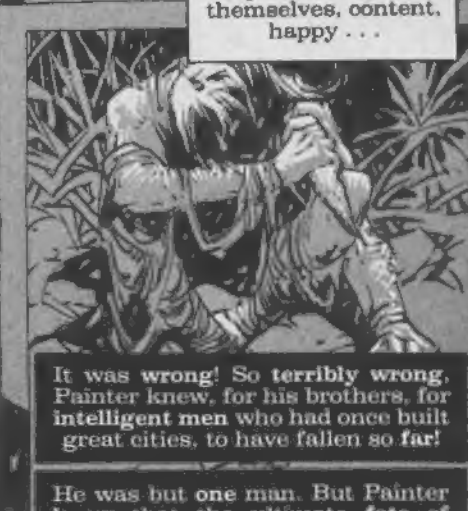
It was humans. Not from his tribe, but from another, living near the great southern waters of the city.



The sight of his own kind warmed him. They seemed at peace with themselves, content, happy . . .



. . . and totally at the mercy of the world!



It was wrong! So terribly wrong, Painter knew, for his brothers, for intelligent men who had once built great cities, to have fallen so far!

He was but one man. But Painter knew that the ultimate fate of mankind rested squarely upon his feeble shoulders!

The sun blinked for the final time behind the spires of the distant city. It glistened like a bright jewel, serving no purpose on the decaying corpse of a world.

The Painter watched, wholly consumed with a heartfelt ache over his own insane actions. He wanted to save his brothers . . . not spill their blood, nor turn them away.

The sick acidity of uncertainty forced nausea to well within him. Like so many messiahs before him . . . the painter stood . . . alone!





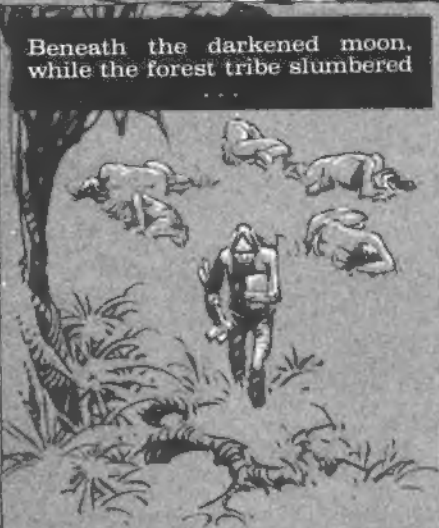
The innocents had to be helped. Some inner instinct pushed the outcast, guided his hands as he fashioned the implements to save them.



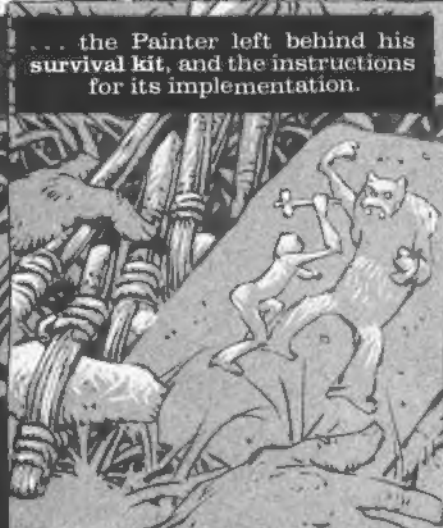
The survival of his species became the Painter's one all-consuming passion.



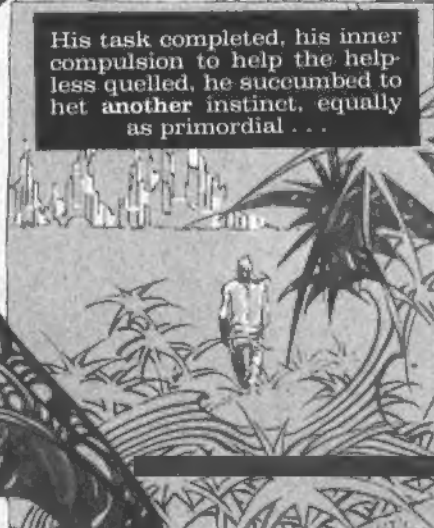
He knew there was but one, inevitable way.



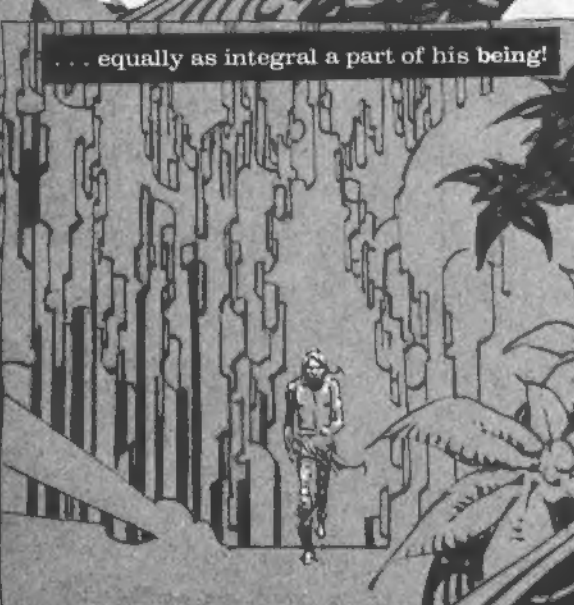
Beneath the darkened moon, while the forest tribe slumbered



... the Painter left behind his survival kit, and the instructions for its implementation.

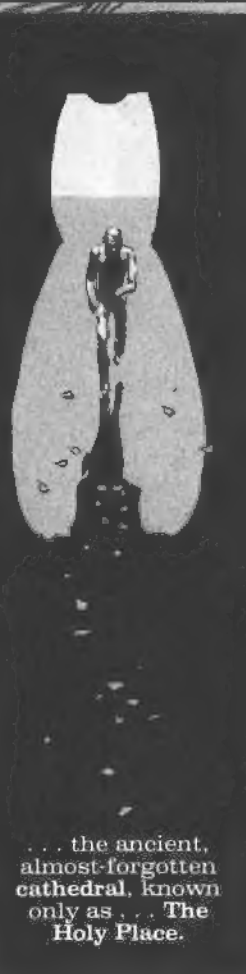


His task completed, his inner compulsion to help the helpless quelled, he succumbed to yet another instinct, equally as primordial...



... equally as integral a part of his being!

Without a faltering step, the outcast wound past the city and at last came upon the place...



... the ancient, almost forgotten cathedral, known only as ... The Holy Place.



Here men once came to reflect, think, consider; to be near a great omnipotent awareness. To be near the power men call God.



It was this sanctuary where the ancestors came to communicate with the greater power.



Painter needed to communicate this night, to strengthen his spirit, to tell that power that he was trying to help the others.

He needed desperately to ask that power, "Whither now, Father? Wither now?"



Life continued for both the Painter and the forest tribe Daily, the tribe ventured into the city to forage and explore, only to return again to the forest with the night, and continue their existence as mindless beasts



The outcast, the "Messiah," became more primitive, yet, somehow, a little more civilized.



As the years passed, the loner discovered yet another like himself. A female. He took her as his wife, and she bore him many sons.

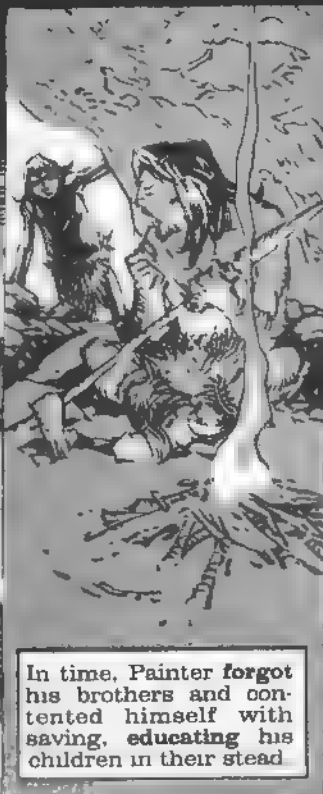
The loner was no more



Occasionally, he would bring his old tribe tools and weapons, and paintings to explain their usage. Yet each attempt at communication brought another disheartening failure.



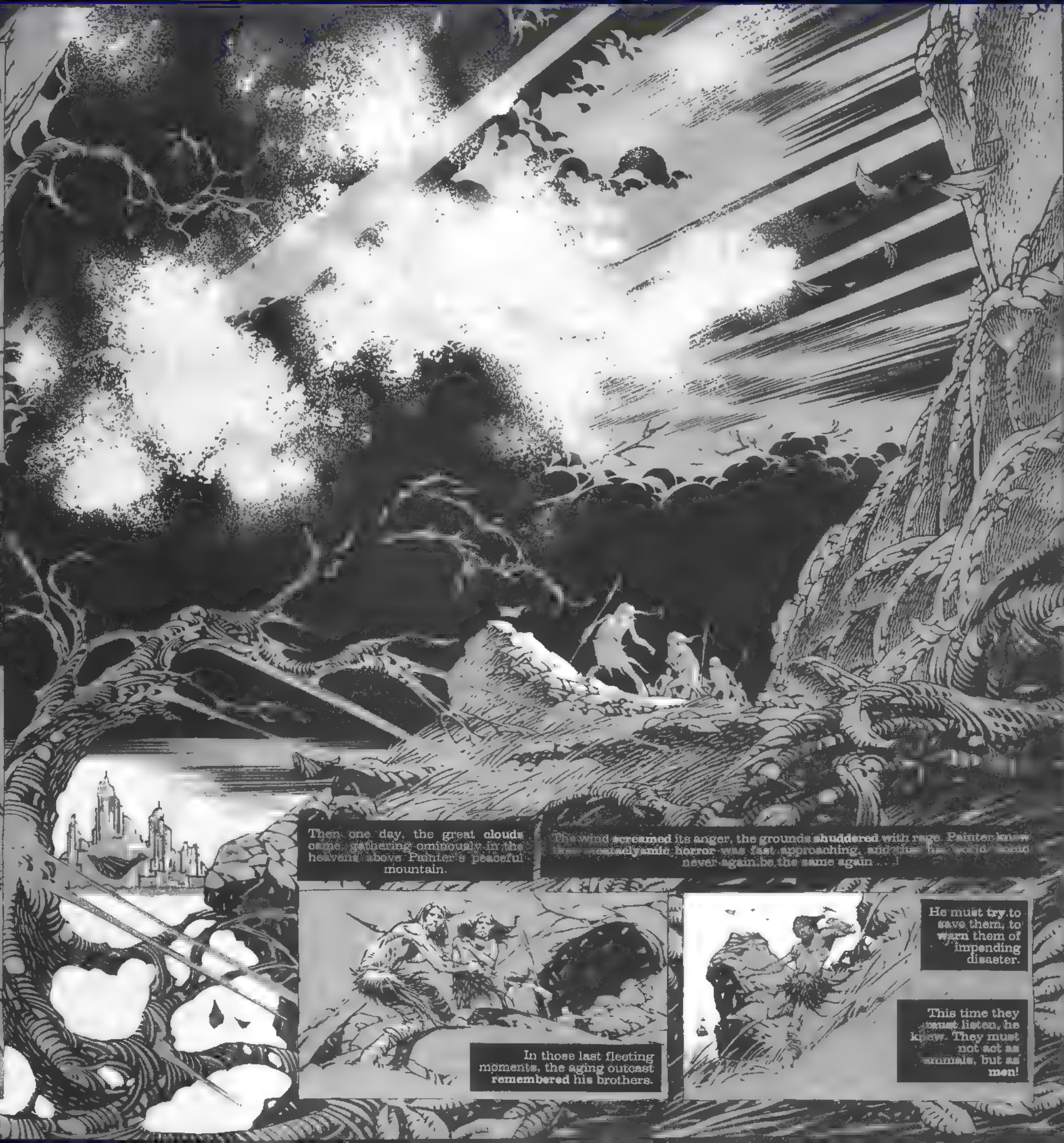
They simply would not be enlightened... and saved!



In time, Painter forgot his brothers and contented himself with saving, educating his children in their stead

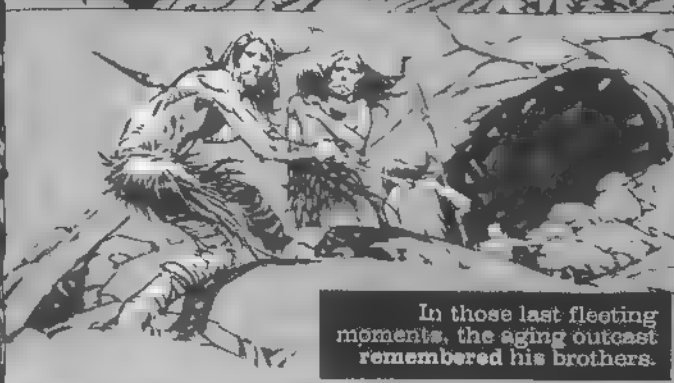


He ceased to care for his former tribe. They rebuked what he offered and sealed their own inevitable end.



Then, one day, the great clouds came, gathering ominously in the heavens above Painter's peaceful mountain.

The wind screamed its anger, the grounds shuddered with rage. Painter knew the deadly, mic horror was fast approaching, and that his world would never again be the same again...



In those last fleeting moments, the aging outcast remembered his brothers.



He must try to save them, to warn them of impending disaster.

This time they must listen, he knew. They must not act as animals, but as men!



My brothers, hear me!

You are in mortal danger!



You!

I remember you! You're Painter... the killer!

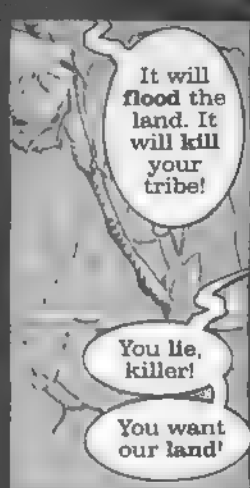
Did you come to slay us, killer?



I've no time for old quarrels, Ygor.



You must listen! A storm is coming!



It will flood the land. It will kill your tribe!

You lie, killer!

You want our land!

No! No! Goddamn it! Listen to me this time!

Please!

Kill the outcast!

Slay the killer!

The Painter will not harm the tribe again!

Again, Painter was chased from his tribe. His brothers were wholly consumed with a bloodlust that masked their own fear of the self-proclaimed messiah.

And again Painter's wife begged him to avoid their death, only...

...but in the underbrush until they gave up the search, and he cried tears of genuine sorrow as they returned to the forest beside their golden city.



Painter knew they were returning to face their deaths.



And there wasn't a damn thing their "messiah" could do for them.



The howling winds came first. They wailed through the forest, uprooting trees, lifting bodies... only to send them crashing like blood-filled seas against naked stone and earth.



The roar of the wind was deafening. But above it all, Painter, safe on his mountainous perch, could hear the death cries of those whom he had tried vainly to save.



The rains too, were unrelenting, cascading from thick black clouds in endless torrents of passion. Pregnant rivers, swollen from the frenzied, unchecked orgy, gave birth to turbulent, temperamental waves. And the seas, aroused by a gyrating earth, hammered incessantly against her virginal landlocked crevices, until the virgin land was no more and a mighty flood unleashing nature's consummate excitement, spilled forth in grim violation of her valleys...



Painter and his children were consumed with sorrow. From the safety of their mountain, they watched a civilization die!



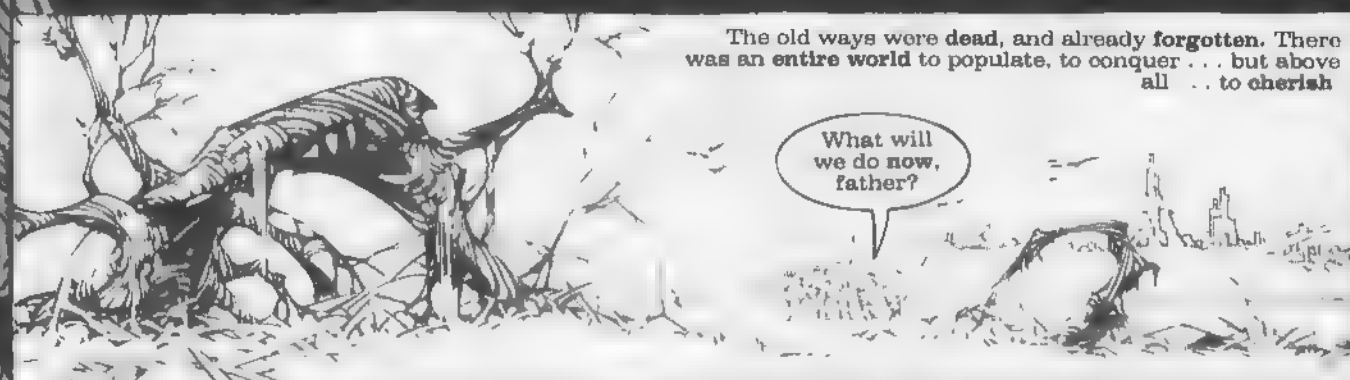
They saw the golden city crumble, bare silent witness as it disappeared beneath the hungry waves!



Because Painter was different, he had survived.



Because he had survived, there would be a new order.



The old ways were dead, and already forgotten. There was an entire world to populate, to conquer . . . but above all . . . to cherish.

What will we do now, father?

Already, it was forgotten how the forest tribe came to be on this great but turbulent world!

We will go on as we have, my son, learning with each day that we live.

We will give thanks in the great Holy Place . . .

There was no memory of the desperate craft and crew that had crashed here centuries before.

... Thanks to the all-supreme ones that we have survived . . .

Lost forever was the tale of how that crew had built a giant city to remind them of their own distant world.

... Thanks that we are . . . different!

No one remembered how that hapless crew tried to adapt to the environment by living by watching the forest.

Never know the ancient secrets of the forest.

Who else would know the holy place to sacred prayers? Into dead silence, the forest called.

For communion, a greater power, a million light years beyond hearing or seeing.

Already that power was forgotten. The new land had taken an alternate course and ran steady, fastly, with hope, with courage and love, heard above the forest.

HERMA

All you need is love!

The legend of Herma the Bold began smack dab on top of the world, with the famous Draftstree-Battlesberry expedition of '84.

I say, old sport, have we much farther to go?

Dashed if I could say, old bean! We may be trudging over an entire colony of the beastly little beggars even now!



You may recall that Sir Robert Draftstree-Battlesberry of Her Majesty's Royal Academy of Science, had ventured to the arctic wastes in the hope of studying the sexual life cycles of the elusive Tectibranchiata Streptoneura, a small but intensely prolific ice clam found only within the Arctic circle.

What the aged professor and his party stumbled upon **instead**, however, rocked the very **pillars** of scientific theory.

It doesn't appear we'll find many of the reclusive brutes here. Let's make camp and **push on** in the morning



Excellent suggestion, professor. The very idea that we shall soon be lucubrating upon the mating habits of the streptoneura had me veritably **smitten** with **grandiloquent excitement!**



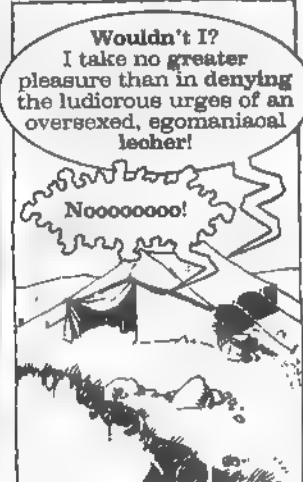
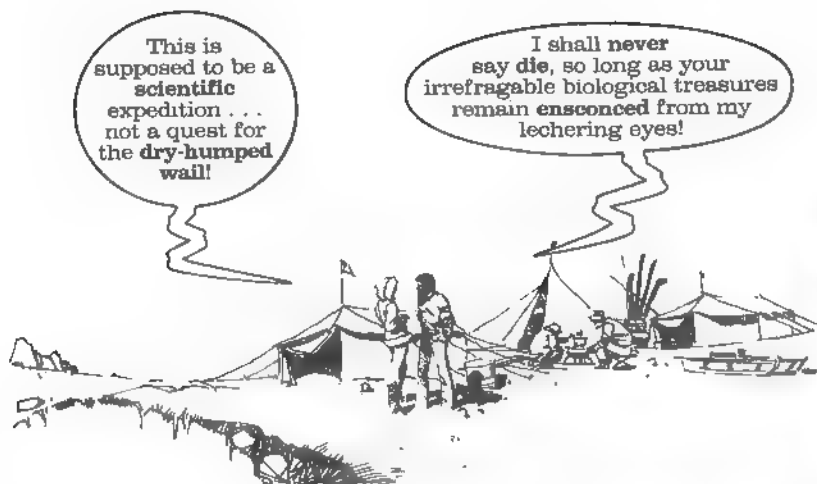
I'm more interested in the mating habits of the evasive double-breasted gasterpodo-logist!

Oh, it's you again: Peter the libidinous boor!

Don't you ever give up? I've told you . . . you are about as appealing to me as a bilaterally castrated trilobite!

Ah, but you, sweet Dr. Cherry Pitts, remind me of my dear departed mother, for whom I harbored an almost **unnatural attraction!**







Dr. Battlesberry—!
It... it's a woman... frozen
in a solid wall of ice!

But...
but here!? Good
lord! How?

It isn't simply
a woman, my child! It
is a miraculously
well-preserved Nordic
relic.

Which, if I may
brazenly postulate a theory
based on appearance alone,
dates from approximately the
ninth century, A.D.



This could be
the scientific find
of the century! Much
more important than
the fickle reproduc-
tive cycle of the
scrawny Strepto-
neura!

We must
carefully
separate this
specimen from
its tomb of
ice!

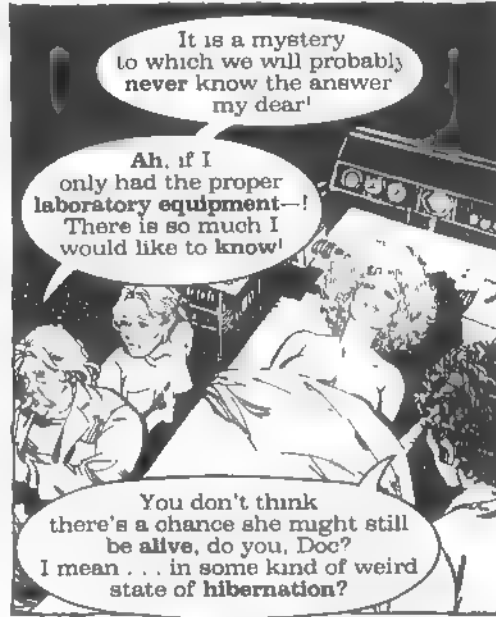
I say! Isn't
it dashedly
chilly running
about without
knickers?



Every member of the expedition
works feverishly, yet with the ut-
most care, thawing the centuries-
old ice.

Ah! She is
physical perfection
personified! What
deucedly fortunate
heathens those
vikings were!

How do
you think
she came to
be this far
north, profes-
sor?



It is a mystery
to which we will probably
never know the answer
my dear!

Ah, if I
only had the proper
laboratory equipment—!
There is so much I
would like to know!

You don't think
there's a chance she might still
be alive, do you, Doc?
I mean... in some kind of weird
state of hibernation?



Alive!? Oh Ho! Don't
be absurd, my good fellow! This
poor creature has been dead for
more than a thousand years!

But
But—!



If this is dead,
Doc, the National Symposium for
Legalized Necrophilia, has just won
over a heartfelt convert!



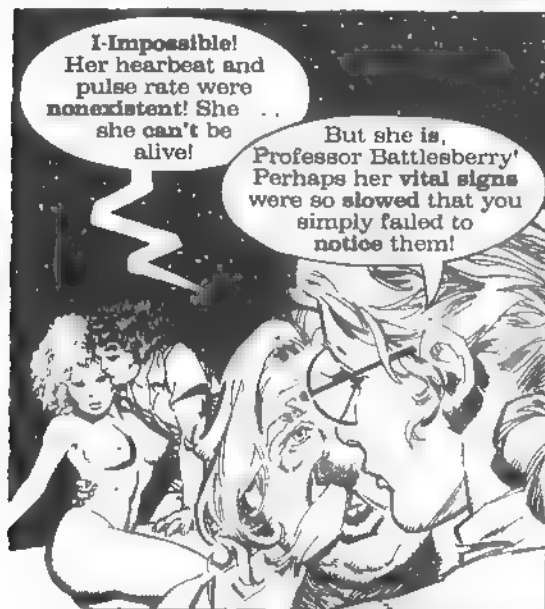
Professor! It ... it's impossible! It just can't be!

I know, child! I know! It must be a delayed involuntary motor dysfunction ... brought upon by the sudden thawing!



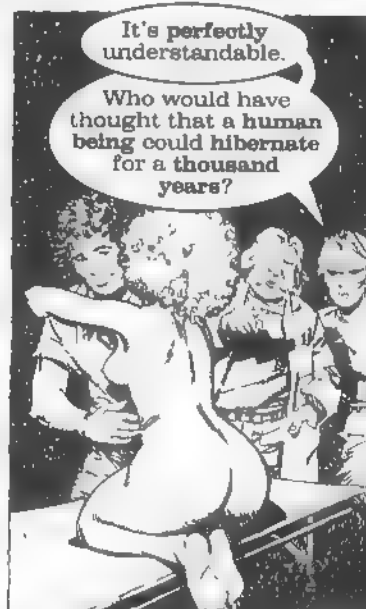
No way, Prof! This sweet young thing is as warm-blooded and alive as you or I!

Jeg forstar ikke!



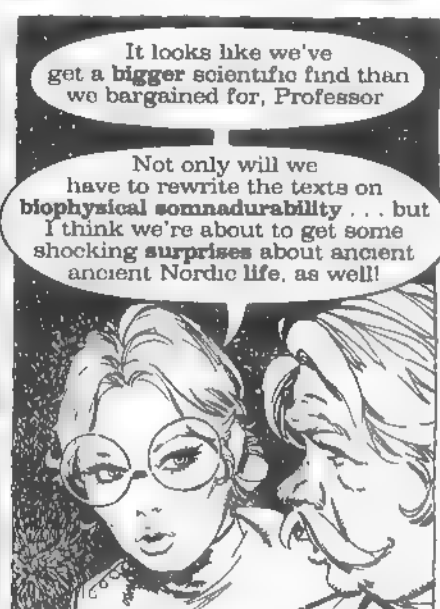
I-Impossible! Her heartbeat and pulse rate were nonexistent! She ... she can't be alive!

But she is, Professor Battlesberry! Perhaps her vital signs were so slowed that you simply failed to notice them!



It's perfectly understandable.

Who would have thought that a human being could hibernate for a thousand years?



It looks like we've get a bigger scientific find than we bargained for, Professor

Not only will we have to rewrite the texts on biophysical somnadrability ... but I think we're about to get some shocking surprises about ancient Nordic life, as well!



Not to mention the mating habits of primitive womankind!

Er De ledig i kveld?

I couldn't agree more, love. After a thousand year sleep, there's no better way to greet the new day than with a little old-fashioned noogie!



Come, Professor! I do believe the natives wish to indulge in an ancient fertility rite!

The trek southwards towards a more civilized world is a long, arduous one. At last, the expedition arrives in London's Victoria Station, only to ascertain that new of their monumental discovery has preceded them by several weeks.

The world is mermerized by your sensational find, Professor. But tell us . . . how could a woman have survived a thousand years encased in a mountain of ice?

The woman's name is Herma, sir! She is picking up our language quite rapidly. And as she does, we are learning ever so much more about her!

It seems she was a member of a long-forgotten tribe of Norse Buddhists . . . for whom it was quite common practice to reduce heart and respiratory rates simply by willing her involuntary bodily functions to do so!

Incredible!

But true!

That night is the first in many months that Dr. Cherry Pitts, Gasteropologist, enjoys the more civilized creature comforts of her secluded home. . . !

Professor ! For the last time . . . Herma is fine! She's adapting a lot better to our world than we would to hers!

Yes, Professor . . . I know there's still so much we have to learn about her! Yes, you sweet old dear . . . I'll be careful!

What does Professor Battlesberry think . . . that Herma's going to eat me or something!? She's so sweet . . . so gentle! Not like an uncivilized Viking girl at all!



A pintle is an upright pivot upon which another part turns. An example: Big pintles work best in the gudgeons of single-screw ships!

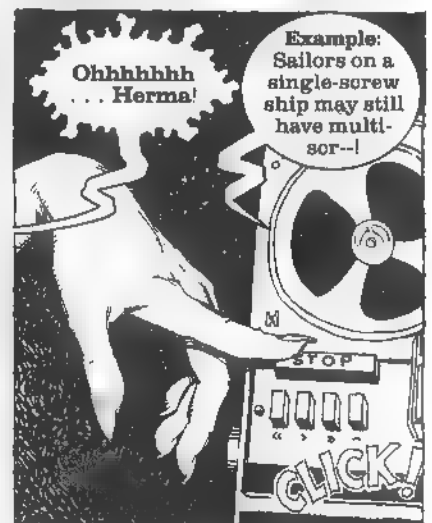


H-Herma--! W-What --!

Today's lesson begins with the basic noun gudgeon. A gudgeon is a socket for a ship's rudder pintle. An example of contemporary usage: A lubricious gudgeon is a sailor's best friend!



A screw is a mechanical device consisting of a continuous helical rib attached to the cylindrical shaft from which it projects!



Ohhhhhhh . . . Herma!

Example: Sailors on a single-screw ship may still have multi-sor--!

The weeks pass, spanning into months. Unlike other news stories, which fade from the public view with age, the world remains abuzz over the momentous discovery of Herma, the girl from another age!

Ladies and gentlemen, with us tonight is the most famous, most beautiful young celebrity ever to emerge from the ninth century, A.D. Herma the Bold!

Who, after only three months out of hibernation seems to be acclimating remarkably well to her new environment!

Tell us, Professor, what monumental historical revelations has Herma imparted to you?

Very little actually—!

If I may be blunt . . . Herma has demonstrated an almost insatiable sexual appetite, which she spends her every waking hour trying vainly to quench!

Male . . . female . . . and a wide diversity in-between, she is attracted to anything that even remotely passes for a reproductive organ!

It's as though she is making up for her thousand-year sexual fast!

If anything, Herma has vividly demonstrated that the sensual mores of ancient man are far more liberal than our own!

Thank you, Professor, for a most illuminating commentary. And now . . . ahem . . . back to our studios—!

Mmmmmm! You're cute!

Is she not the greatest prize upon which your vile eyes have ever feasted, humble Kato?

Ah . . . exquisite! Sheer physical perfection!

I must have this nubian goddess for my very own! You will fly to the British Isles this very night, Kato, and convince the all-perfect one that she must become the bride of Ali Khan Sade

the richest and most decadent prince in all the Araby sheekdoms!

But . . . but, Master—! What of your other thirty-two wives?

Surely, all this physical perfection will one day prove too great a strain upon your meagre person?!

True, faithful Kato! But can you think of a more pleasant way to greet Allah?

The lush moon bathes the honeyed English countryside in a cool, eerie light. A gentle wind caresses the secluded tudor retreat. The home is dark and silent. But the ominous shadow without knows that the one he seeks is nestled securely within.



Radiant from the afterglow of love, Herma and her twentieth-century mentor remain oblivious to the spying eyes which observe their every move.

Mmmmmmm!
That was nice!
You keep it up
and I just may
swear off men
forever!



Ah—! The exquisite one is at last alone! Allah be praised. What a magnificent form the gods have bequeathed her!



My master will be pleased! The joys of the seven heavens will indeed be beneath him when he climbs into the saddle of this nubian delight!



Mmmmmmmmm!
Hvor er?

Forgive this humble servant his beggarly transgressions, my princess!



Had we but a moment more, we could dally to secure your raiments.



Mmmmmmm!
Who needs clothing? I'm comfortable just like this!



The flight to the shiekdom of Ali Khan Sade, though long and tedious, is remarkably shortened by the inventive and insatiable appetite of the girl from the nine century, A.D.

Oh, master, forgive this decrepit swine his grievous trespasses

You are forgiven, Kato. It is easy to see how one could succumb to the temptations of a goddess

The woman is a wildcat who forced me to do her foul bidding!

But do not let your animalistic urges run away with you again . . .

. . . lest I be forced to deal with the instrument of your infractions most harshly!

Y-Yes, oh wise and benevolent one!

And you, oh jewel of the seven heavens, you will be a queen among my princesses! You shall be granted your every desire!

You shall be my favorite, upon whom is lavished my every attention—!

Oh joy!

I don't mind being abducted. I don't even mind being engaged to a flagrant bigamist—!

But what I'd like to know is . . . how can you girls tolerate that walking sack of dung?

Life would indeed be intolerable if he were not hung like a flea!

You will see—! The master desires more to look than to touch. In that lies our only salvation!

But Herma, queen of unending desires, wishes to touch more than all else. And that night, she steals from the harem quarters in search of pleasant diversion!

Herma! No! You mustn't be here!

Am I not worth the pain of a thousand severed manhoods, my beautiful Kato?

You do not know what the master will do should he discover us!

Gladly would I trade my most cherished possession for you, my love


But somehow, the mere thought of the pain, drives the foul lusts from my vile being. . .

Oh, poo these twentieth century men don't know how to have any fun at all!

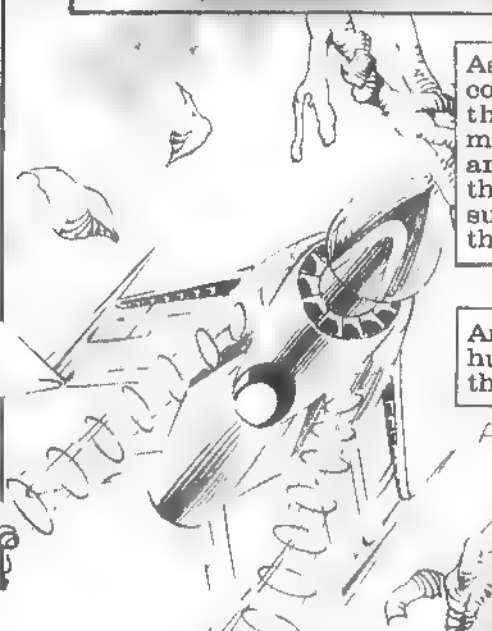
Herma continues in the next exciting issue of 1984.

It skims above the jungle treetops of the planet, searching across the vast blanket of dense rain-forest for an opening.

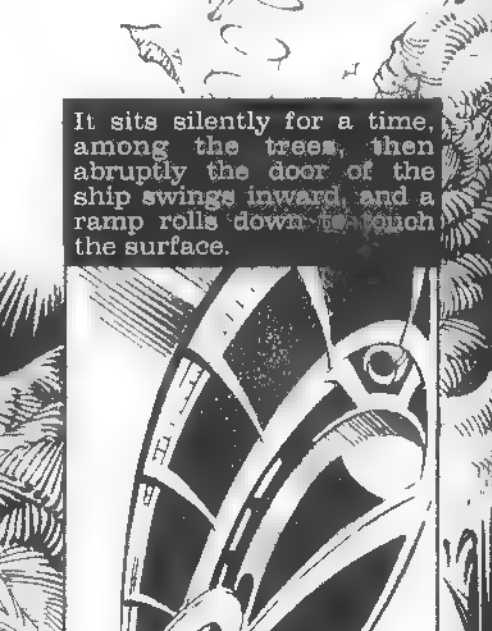
For six weeks the orbiter had monitored the planet, recording and evaluating every event on its surface. Now its monitoring is over, its mission nearly at an end.




At length, the orbiter finds a hole in the jungle canopy, and slowly begins to descend to the surface.



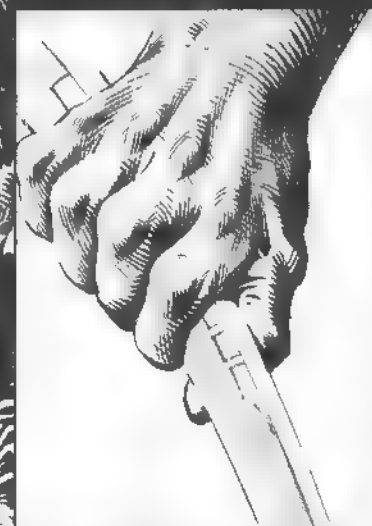
As it goes, a variety of colored lights play along the ground, taking measurements of the area, assuring itself that the firmament will support the weight of the craft.




And then it lands with a hush, hardly stirring up the dirt.



It sits silently for a time, among the trees, then abruptly the door of the ship swings inward, and a ramp rolls down to touch the surface.



And from the craft comes a hand of glistening silver, grasping the railing, pausing a moment at the top of the ramp.



Briefly the Star-Being surveys its surroundings, then ventures forth into the withering jungle.



Elsewhere in the jungle, the Outworlder called Zev hacks vengefully at a long branch with his knife, trimming it to shape.

Placed on this planet as an **Observer** weeks ago, Zev narrowly avoided being fed to a monster by the missionaries of **The Colony**, who had fixed the blame for all their troubles on Zev's arrival here. But in escaping the sacrificial ceremony, Zev unwittingly caused the creature to break free as well, throwing the entire colony into mindless panic.

And now Zev must go back, for he has left behind in the colony the sole being on this planet he cares for: the girl **Rena**, who became lost in all the confusion. Zev knows he has little time left on this planet, yet he will not go before he knows she is safe.


This is **Madness, Observer One!** We're due to be picked up **anytime** now! We're going to miss our flight home!

Nobody says you've got to hang around, Snitch. But I'm not leaving before I find **Rena**—no matter what.

With you or without you, I'm going back to the Colony.

But before this day is out, Zev will learn many truths... including the astonishing truth about himself and the dire experiment in which he plays a crucial part.

twilight's end




You don't grasp it, do you? I ran out on Rena—left her and the other colonists to fend off that monster alone.


If I hadn't been so concerned with keeping my own skin intact, Rena would be all right now. I have to go back.

But Zev—the ship! We may have to leave you behind!

Screw off, will ya? I'm busy.




Wait up! Not so fast! I'm getting all caught up!



No! There is great danger there! Don't go without me!

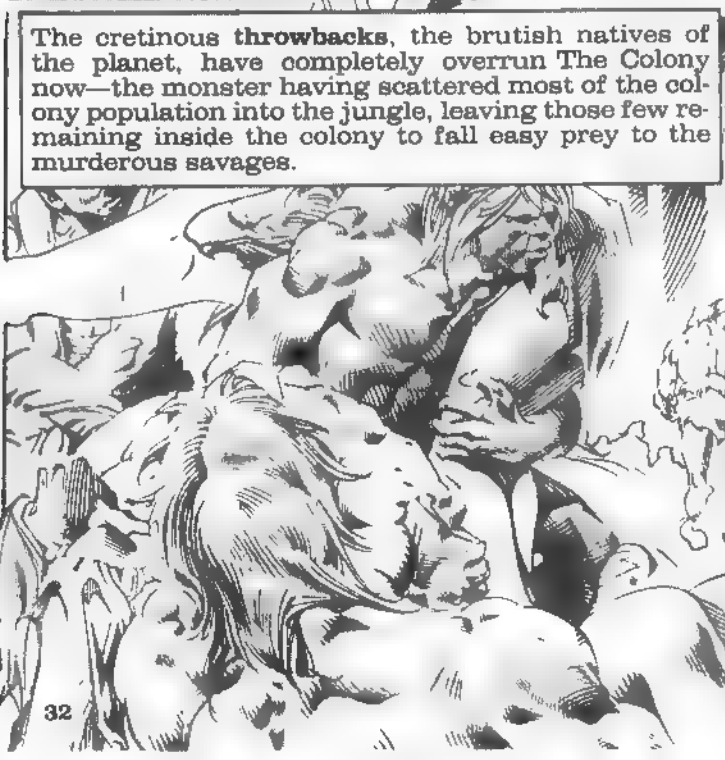
Observer One!—Zev! **COME BACK.**

Oh damn.



Later, on a rise overlooking The Colony, Zev grimly observes the activity below, a sudden sense of helplessness overcoming him.

There, to his horror, he sees the terrible end of the once-flourishing colony, the end of all wisdom and enlightenment on the face of the planet.



The cretinous throwbacks, the brutish natives of the planet, have completely overrun The Colony now—the monster having scattered most of the colony population into the jungle, leaving those few remaining inside the colony to fall easy prey to the murderous savages.

From his vantage point, Zev watches the gruesome circus—dozens of slaughtered colonists being piled outside the walls of the city. Zev trembles to think Rena is somewhere within those walls.



Ohhhhhh...
this is useless.
I'll never get
out of this.

Wha—?
Who? Somebody
approaching from
behind... Zev?



Be not afraid,
little friend.
I will free you.

Master!

Meanwhile, Zev still has the problem of getting inside the Colony. He decides to go for broke, going among the throwbacks disguised as one of them.



If I spread
enough mud on
me, and screw up
my face, I just
might pull this
off.

Then again,
why should it?
Nothing else has
gone my way
since I came
to this world.

To Zev's surprise, the scheme works flawlessly. Putting on his ugliest possible expression, with a passable knuck-dragging hunch to his walk, Zev moves past the ghoulish throwbacks outside the gate, unnoticed by any of them.



The grisly
bastards have wiped
out the whole colony.
I don't see a
survivor anywhere.

Now I'm
afraid... I
will find
Rena.



There!
Renal! Those two
lowbrows are
jostling her...
apparently keeping
her around for
laughs.



Spread
out, you slugs!
That's my
woman!

Zev!
Zev! You came
back!



Then, a massive shadow falls across the combatants, and a single voice is heard above all the other commotion.



And all at once the throwbacks run off, terrified by the massive silver being, and the snitch-scope helps to rout them out the gate with some well-placed ray blasts right behind them.

Scram!
Beat it! Didn't
you drudges hear the
man? CLEAN
OUT!!

Rena...!
Damn my soul for
not coming sooner.
I've killed you as
surely as the
goon who out
you down...

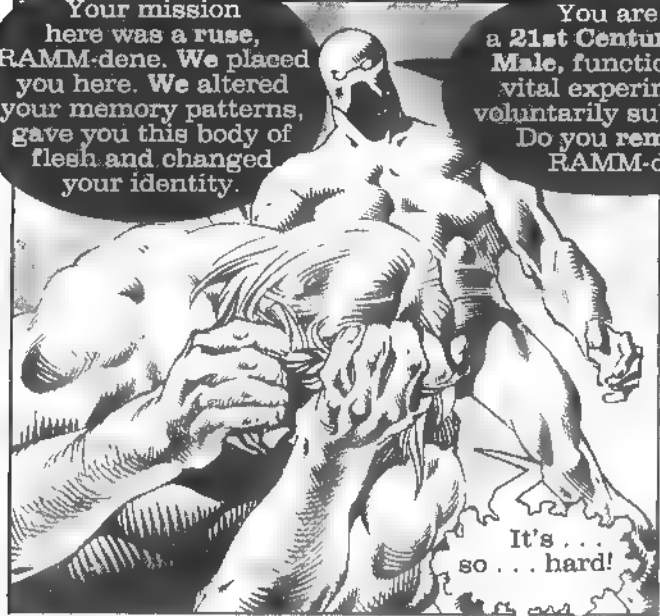
You must not
blame yourself for
what has happened
here, Observer One.
You did all that
you could.

Observ—!?
Then you know
who I am.

You would have
great difficulty
conceiving of my true
form, but I am your
brother, RAMM-dene.

R-RAMM-dene!
Why... that's
my name! My lord,
it's beginning to
come back
to me!

I am a
traveler. Like you, an
Observer. This space
shell you see, I use for
traveling the immense
distances between the
galaxies.



Your mission here was a ruse, RAMM-dene. We placed you here. We altered your memory patterns, gave you this body of flesh and changed your identity.

You are now a 21st Century Human Male, functioning in a vital experiment you voluntarily submitted to. Do you remember, RAMM-dene?

I have been observing your actions from the orbiter for six weeks.

You have proven a remarkable ability to survive on this primitive world. You've done well, brother.

It's ... so ... hard!

Survive!? Is this survival!?

You tell me you were watching us—could have pulled us out at anytime, maybe saved the girl—!

And you didn't do it!?

The girl is not beyond restoration. Bring her back if you like.

Wha-a—??

Go ahead. You know what to do.

Then, slowly, gently, Zev lifts the girl's head, placing the palm of his hand over the girl's eyes. He goes about this as if he had done this before, but hesitantly, as if trying to recall the steps.

Awake, pretty Rena. You breathe life again.

Zev . . !

Oh dear lord . . . Rena!

Zev . . . the throwbacks . . . they were trying to kill me, and you were so far away . . .

Ain't that just like me? Waiting til the last possible second to rescue you . . . ?



Oh!

Don't be alarmed. He's ... a friend.



I know ... what to do. I touched her, and she came alive!

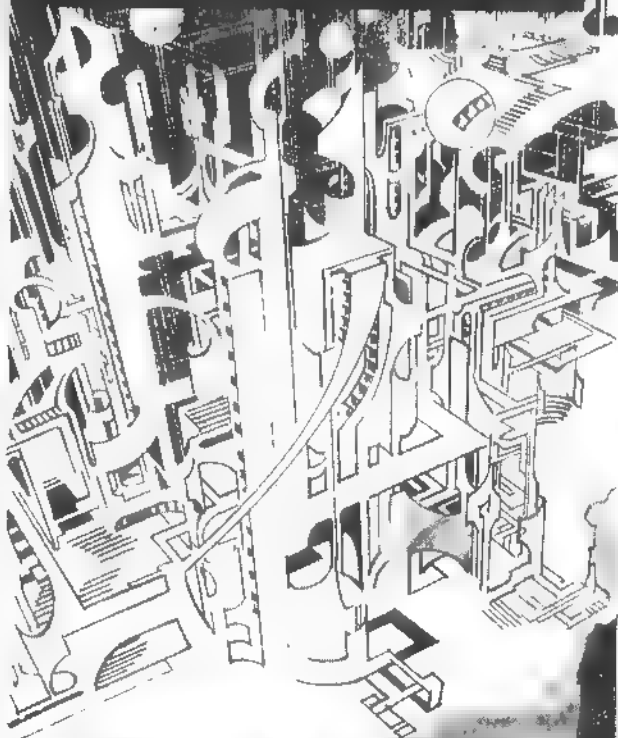
I beg you ... please ... tell me who I am.

You are RAMM-dene, one of a super-race of beings a billion years more advanced than your present state. You have embarked on one of a thousand critical experiments continuing throughout the cosmos in an attempt to save your race from annihilation.



"The Human Race."

"We, and our kind, belong to the Vanguard, the sprawling paradise empire finally achieved by Mankind after a billion years of struggling."

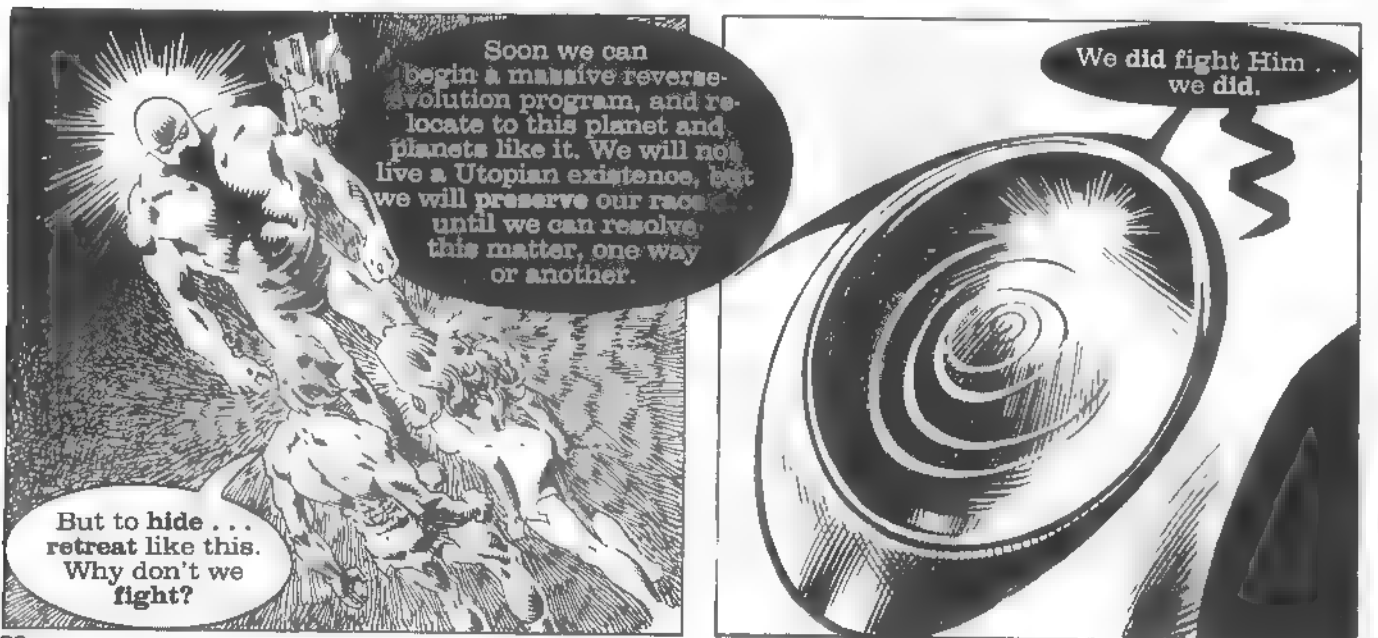


"No race of being in the Universe is as advanced as ours: A nearly perfect state of mind and matter, devoted solely to the pursuit of knowledge, and to the betterment of all life-forms everywhere."

Eventually, we began to change the fabric of space itself, creating worlds where once there was nothing. We are the creators of this world—and all life on it—but for the missionaries, of course, who settled here from another world centuries ago."



"And here we sent you, RAMM-dene, as a final, desperate measure to save us from the Dark Force."



"The resulting clash was one of inconceivable violence, shattering the stars, causing the Galaxy itself to shudder in its quake, but even then we began to see this was far from the full weight of His fury."

"And then the Dark Force came, and with it hurricanes of million-mile-an-hour winds, blasting to atoms great areas of the Vanguard. Here, and areas like it, was the result of our confrontation with the Entity. Decimation... annihilation... effortlessly dealt out by the Old One."

Yes... yes,
I'm remembering
it...

But why does
He hate us so?
Why must we be
destroyed?

... they
hate... they
are meaningless
to such a being.
He does what
He does.

But like the
animal which
eats its young when
they grow too large,
so too will the Old
One devour us.

But what of our
accomplishments? What
have we spent the last
billion years trying
to achieve??

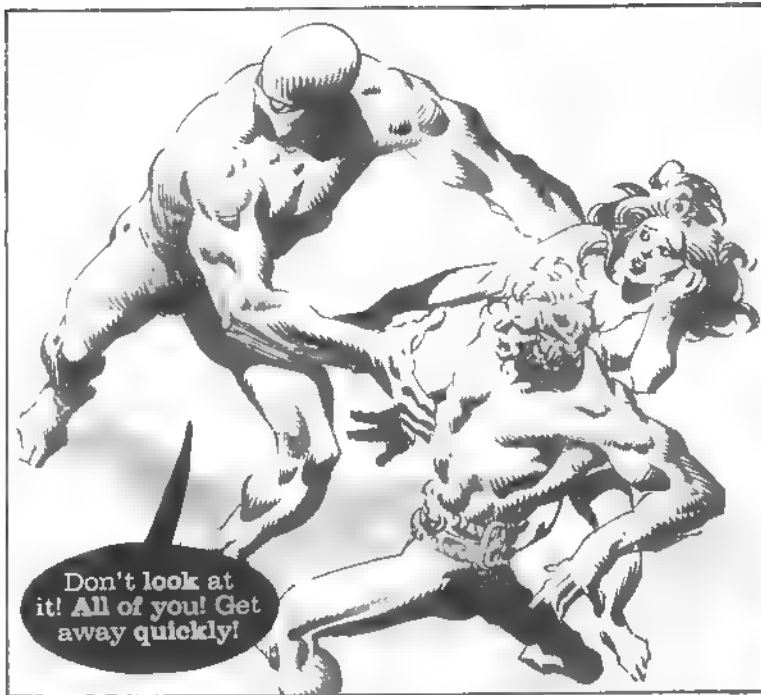
It never was
important. There
never was a
master plan.

But to casually
send all Mankind
to its ruin...! Such an
odious end... such a
humiliating end...!

How can—

That
light—
what...?

TOO LATE!
TOO LATE! We
are FOUND!!





Days after the incident, the jungle is at **peace** again with the forces of Nature. Beautiful, pastoral, utterly tranquil, the jungle has absorbed every clue of what has happened here.

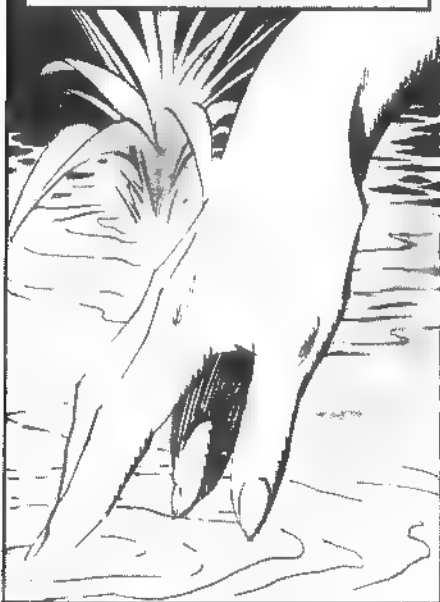


Gradually, Rena too grows accustomed to the peace. But her mind is still on Zev, and will be for months to come.

Yet, after awhile, even **Rena** will forget the Outworlder, and what has transpired here. And Snitch, after awhile, won't bother to remind her.



And here is all that is left of the late, great **Human Race**. But do not lament its passing just yet.

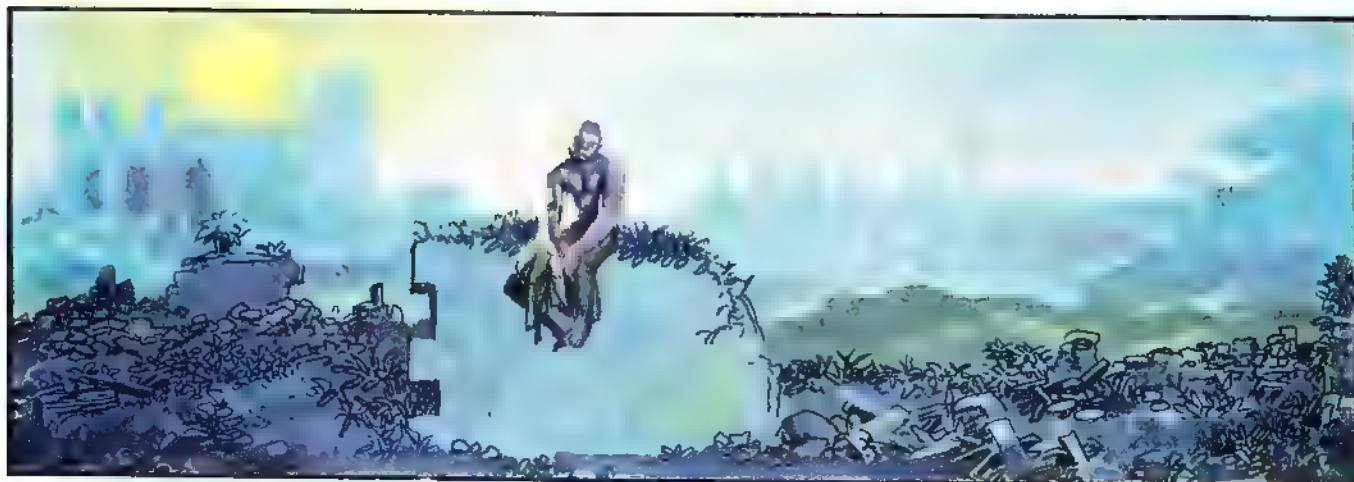


A billion years from now they'll get **another** chance to outfox the Judge Of Us All, when they'll hopefully be more **successful**.



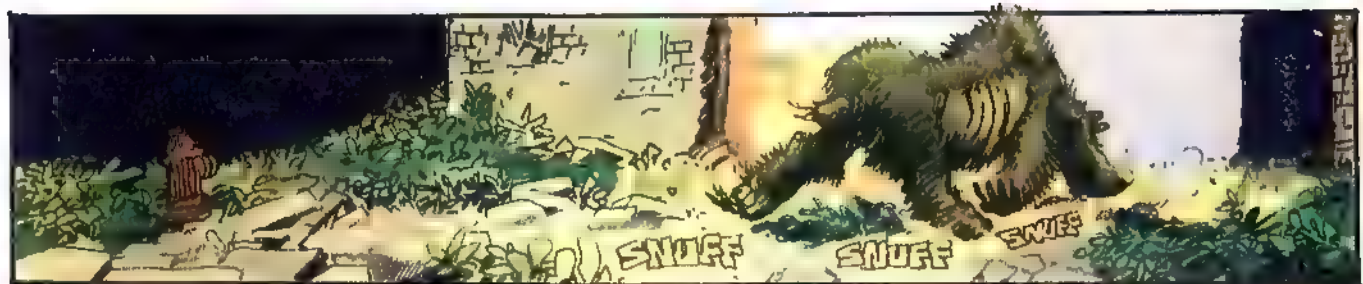
But for now, the human race must endure a terrible revenge, for the Almighty Creator is truly a jealous god.

mutant world

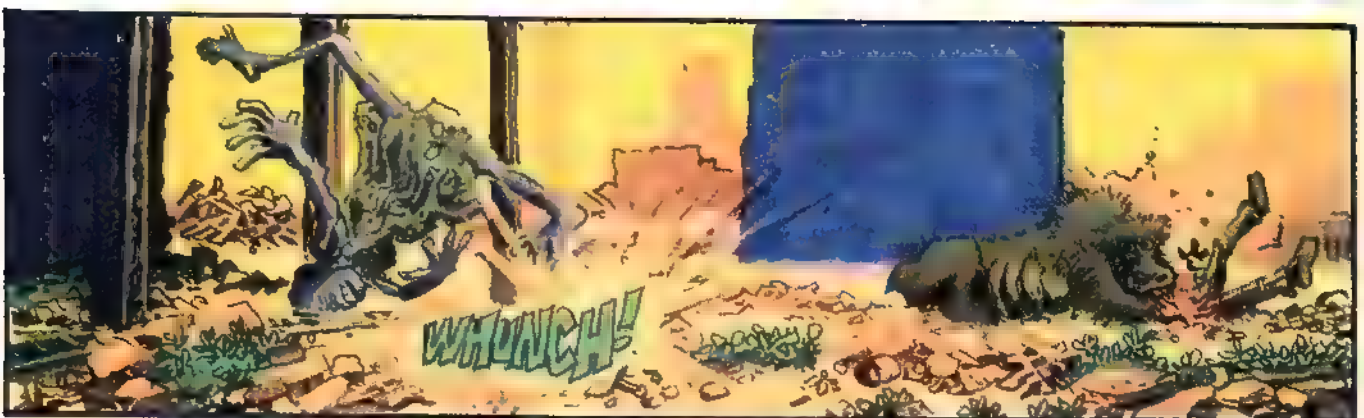
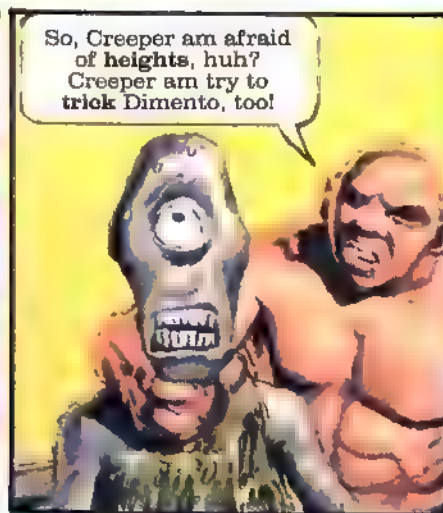


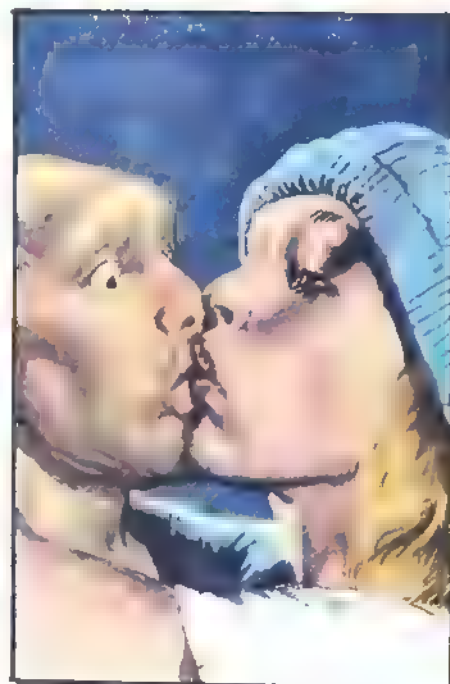
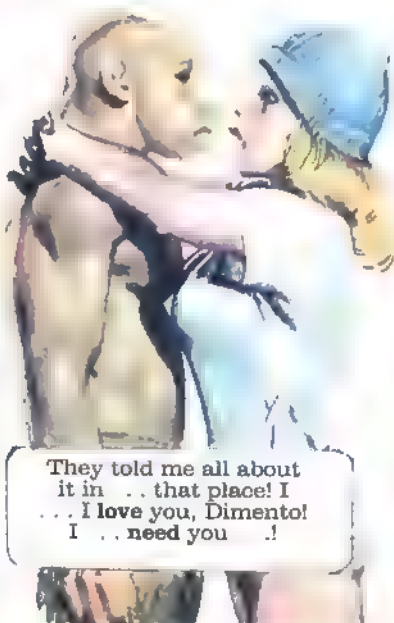
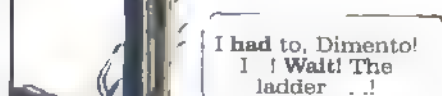
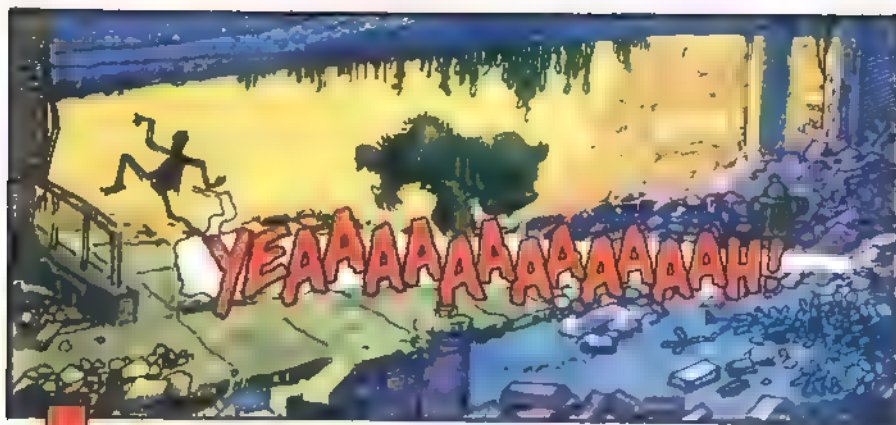
Author: JAN STRNAD/Illustrator: RICH CORBEN

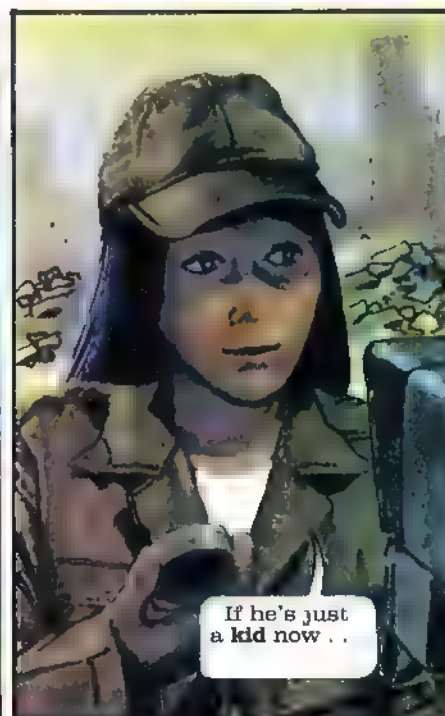


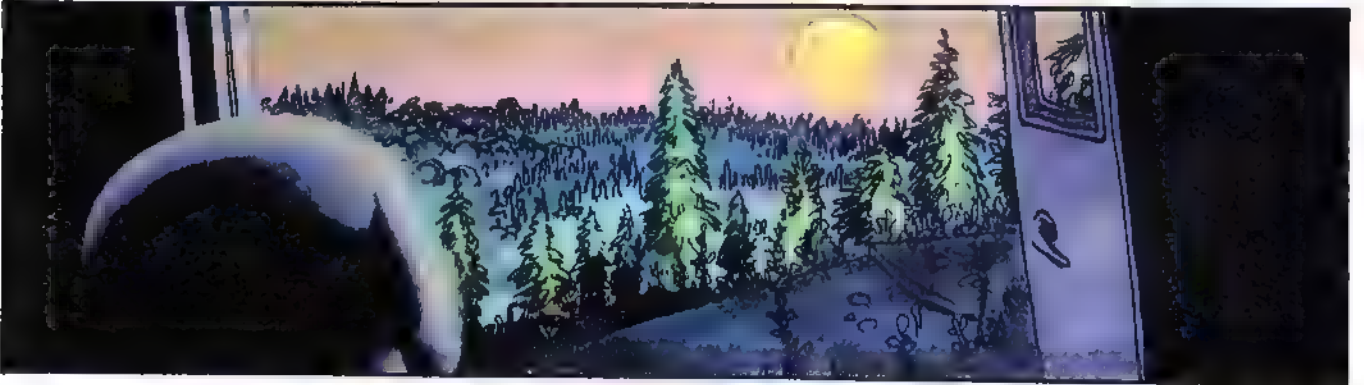












GHITA OF ALIZARR

It is the Antediluvian age, ten millennia B.C. The troll armies have overrun Alizarr. King Khalia, mortally wounded, has fallen. Before his death, he had ordered Thenef, the court wizard, to resurrect Khan-Dagon, the mighty warrior-general. "Khan-Dagon must lead the counterattack," the dying King proclaimed. But the wizard could not resurrect the legendary general. Ghita, Khalia's favorite, succeeded where Thenef failed. Through use of a magical gem she gave life to the corpse. And in a mad moment of lust was forced to kill Khan-Dagon as he raped her in the catacombs beneath the royal palace. Ghita and Thenef then armed themselves and prepared to escape through a tunnel that leads beyond the walls of the prostrate city of the goddess Tammuz.

Icons of Tammuz fall amid the cries and screams of warfare. The idols of Nergal, the troll god, will soon stand in their place. So it goes with ancient gods and goddesses.



Adieu, Tammuz. Bon voyage. But do not let your spirit wander too far from your city. Keep a mournful eye on the woman in the rooms of death. Strange breezes blow 'neath her locks of golden hair.

This is Khan-Dagon's sword. These are pieces of his armor.

I will take them

Thenef, share of your ginmead.

Aye. We be in for a bit of hugger-mugger.

I'll bring this garb from the burial displays.

Thenef knows well of the passage beneath the royal tomb. He paid six drakis to a court eunuch for the secret—and stole it back the next day.

The lid slides easily. I'll go first. Lower the arms to me.

On with it, Thenef. I can hear the Lizard-men in the ante-rooms.

Ghita secures the slab cover as the trollish looters pour into the burial chambers. Quickly the two drop in to the waiting shaft.

The tunnel sucks air. It would mean that the way is clear to the exit.

Aye.

Like a great black worm, the tunnel wends its way beneath the streets of Alizarr. "The odds are with us," Thenef cries as they plod along. "There should be fewer trolls outside the city than inside." He pauses, suddenly taking notice of the scarlet liquid oozing from the stones above.

Blood. Seeping through from above. The devils must be slaughtering half the population.

Curse the slimy lot of them! Curse them in the name of the nether eye of Tammuz!

Pee on them!

Hack off the jungs of every one of them!

A fine pile of balls that would make, eh, Thenef?

Curse them in the name of ginmead!

Khan-Dagon could not have said it better.

But Caution, my rambunctious nymphet. 'Twas only the wad of Khan-Dagon that you took.

Next I'll drink to Khan-Dagon's cock. But first I'll curse it! And curse the ox himself.

Ghita! There is something in the tunnel ahead!

A trollish form but not a troll! Be wary... although it appears wounded.

I'll wager it be a halftroll. I've heard of them. His teeth are those of a human

Do not kill me

To be a halftroll in Zephyra, the northern land of trolls, is to be a thing of the shadows without rights or privileges. In antiquity the trollish rulers interbred trolls and human-kind to create a servant class. They multiplied but were kept a minority under centuries of trollian domination. Many halftrolls fled the servitude of Zephyran and found refuge in Ohmzorr. Some migrated further east to the caverns of Drome in the Az-zian mountains. Such is Dahib, one with the swine and cattle. Unlike his trollish half brothers, Dahib is not warlike, although soldiering has brought him to Alizarr.

—I am Dahib. I hate all trolls. I am unarmed. I suffer a wound to my leg

I was set-upon by drunken trolls celebrating their conquest of Alizarr. Pray help me, goddess.

Hear, Thenef? I am called a goddess.

Alizarrians pray to Tammuz. Trolls pray to Nergal. Halftrolls are not allowed to pray at all. They are denied a god by Trollian decree. Dahib was born a spiritual being and was without an object of worship. Ghita was to be his goddess.

By my asee! I've not been called that before!

I am but a dung-carrier in the trollish regiment camped outside your city's walls. After my injury I found the opening to this tunnel and crawled its length... to find my goddess waiting.

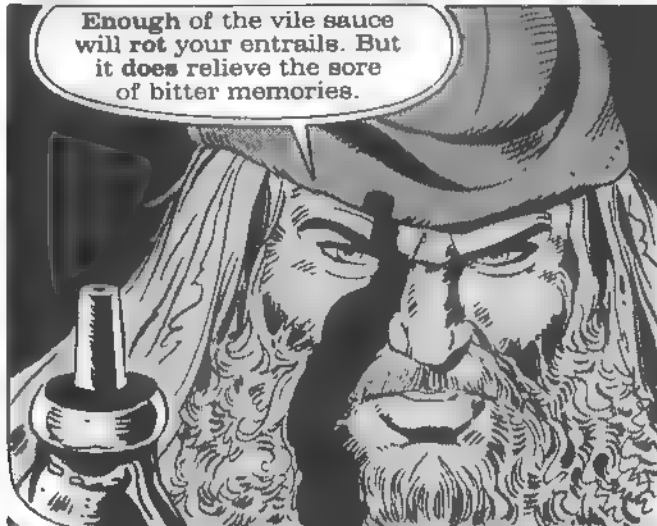
Dahib's simple nature and natural honesty wins his case for mercy. Ghita sets about to dress the half troll's wound. Oddly, the creature's plight and his attitude toward the woman coax forth her maternal instincts. Ghita was born with ample features with which to make love, but denied the delicate inner subtleties to produce a child. In the brothels of Alizarr she excelled, possibly for the lack of it.



Thenef, you'll never miss this piece from your shirtwaist. Not so the ginmead I used to clean the gash.

'Tis best used to wash away the hurts of the soul, little pipkin.

The wizard would have made an excellent father to a son. In his teens, Thenef married a goatherd's daughter, and set up housekeeping in a cabin outside the walls of Alizarr. Yet, his bride was torn to bits by a plundering mob and the fate of his young lover bent his mind from child-rearing. He became a stepfather to sorcery and a brother to ginmead, instead.



Enough of the vile sauce will rot your entrails. But it does relieve the sore of bitter memories.



Easy, old sponge.

A fine drunken pair of warriors we'll make if we keep guzzling at spirits of juniper.

If two such as Thenef and Ghita were to sire a child, perhaps a half troll would have been an appropriate offspring. Even so, Dahib would make an adequate sorcerer's apprentice. If Ghita be a witch, Dahib would do as her familiar. The army of two had its first recruit.



You are Ghita, my goddess! I pray to you a prayer of thanks. You give healing to my leg

Thenef, you may kiss the hand of a thing of heaven!

I'd rather kiss your nubs, they be truly of the gods



Ha! Thrust ho, Thenef. Good shot! If we survive this you may kiss my bum as well!

Ah... goddess. Perhaps together we can slip past the few trollian soldiers in the camp at the tunnel's exit. We might steal horses and escape to the northern steppes.

Dahib will lead us out of this hellhole. We'll take the horses and spill some trollish blood in the doing of it

The thought appeals to me. I must wear this dagger. I must feel the armor on my body.

By the gods—I must have the pieces fit. Yet I be too ample! A pox on the lot of it.

Still, the cold steel against my flesh is exciting to me. Thenef, help with the task.



The stuff be made for a man, my princess. The pieces are odd and oversize.

Hairballs of dung! Bend it! Pound it with your sword!

The metal is unyielding.



Goddess, let me feel of the armature. My teeth are strong and I have great strength in my talons.



Thus beneath the bloody streets of Alizarr the transformation begins.

Dahib works upon the material with the skill of an armorer.

What there is of the pieces can be made to fit. I am honored to serve the queen of the six heavens





The gem, "The Eye of Tammuz," joins the armor and sword of Khan-Dagon as part of Ghita's mantle of rage. The jewel had come a far journey to ride under the bosom of the maid of Alizarr. Were it known that it was suspended there, dozens of thieves from Nephtys to Urd would kill her on the spot to have it. Many had died in the owning of the stone. It was stolen in olden times from the forehead of the great golden Icon of Tammuz in the ancient city of Minga. But possession of the great gem does not insure death. Dying is easy if it be quick. There are worse agonies than the sufferings of oblivion. Soon . . . so very soon . . . Ghita would be stalked by madness.



—Ram it twixt
my legs as
Khan-Dagon
rammed his
sword into me!

Again!
Again!
And
Again!
Khan-
Dagon—!

I... come'

Do you hear,
Khan-Dagon? I,
Ghita of Alizarr,
have your sword
in my hands!

Well done, oh
Tammuz. Your
city will once
again be safe
for your wor-
shippers. It is
certain.

Stunned by Ghita's display with the sword, Thenef and Dahib follow as the maid of Alizarr charges through the tunnel toward the outer exit. Thenef is bewildered. Ghita seems transformed . . . spoiling for combat with the trollish forces. It's more than the ginmead, he believes. Her temperament is altered! It's as though she were visited by the spirit of Khan-Dagon, himself. Dahib is numb with adoration of the woman



The moon is streaked with smoke rising from the flaming city. Nergon, the high priest of Nergal, speaks to the victorious trolls from the central square of Alizarr.



Nergon had long dreamed of this hour of triumph. For centuries, the trollish creatures had kept themselves isolated in the bleak northern region of Zephyran. No one knew of their origin, thought it was said they were decended from the thunder lizards of archaic times. Nergon had clawed his way upwards through the priestly orders of Zephyran and was crafty enough to seize control of the government. His burning hatred of Tammuz and her followers was the rallying point. In a decade's time he had built an army that rivalled even that of King Khalla. The battle plan was perfect. Now he must hold on to his prize. With such an overwhelming occupation force the task would seem simple, were it not for the growing rage of a lone female possessed with the vision of flowing rivers of trollian blood.



Now to test the mettle of the army of three. The odds are heavily against them: nearly naked woman, a cowardly wizard and a wounded halftroll. Thenef envies Dahib's faith in Ghita. She is his goddess. She is, to him, immortal. She will protect him. Thenef, however, remains unconvinced of her divinity. The Wizard is dumbfounded by her actions.

"The horses are beyond the knot of trolls. We'll have to cut our way through," Ghita whispers. "We can surprise them and kill all of the filthy dung-eaters! Then we shall steal three of the horses and head for the forest—!"



"We can rest and make for Nephtys with the morning light," Ghita pushes back the cover and the three lunge toward the nearby troll nest! The woman is magnificent in the charge. She moves with splendid grace and beauty, her body aflame with blood lust!



Led by the golden-haired female, the trio slashes into the drunken soldiers as if they were a brood of toads. Brief cries of suffering fill the night air. The cold-blooded creatures attempt to defend themselves, but the attack is swift and sure! Ghita is savage and unrelenting. Her sword creates a welter of trollian limbs and ragged pieces of fibrous lizard meat. The grand ballet of trollish doom beings. The overture is heard in singing swords, the prima ballerina of death has come on stage.



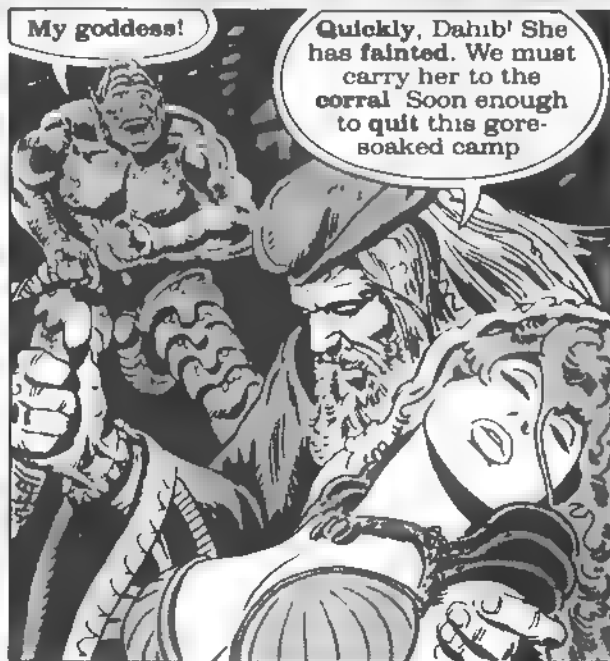
Ghita's blade is a living blur of white fire. Reptilian forms explode in its wake. Tendons snap like strings of an oodina at the height of the frenzied dance of ecstasy. Many times Ghita had danced naked to the rapturous sound of the oodina. Now she spins to the music of foaming flesh and cracking bone.



Ghita topples backwards, the vision of a thousand bloody swords overwhelms her fading consciousness.



Her breasts pound beneath her metal chest pieces. The shoulder guards grind against her skin. She sinks to the ground as the last putrid troll breath fades under her assault. In an afterglow of fury, Ghita chops sections of the troll guards into small chunks. She draws the sword handle closer to her body.



Dahib's concern for Ghita is deeply felt. His sudden vision of a glory long denied his kind has long been impossible without his newfound object of worship. The halftroll knows by faith alone that his goddess will take him into heaven when he dies. There, with Ghita by his side, they will live together in sublime eternity.

The halftroll's devotion to the woman is blind and beyond reason. Only a fool would waste his breath telling Dahib that his deity is a wanton wench. His nostrils deny him the truth that she stinks from sweat. Dahib's eyes behold only her natural beauty. The grit between her toes and under her fingernails is invisible to him.



I will lift you to the horses, my goddess

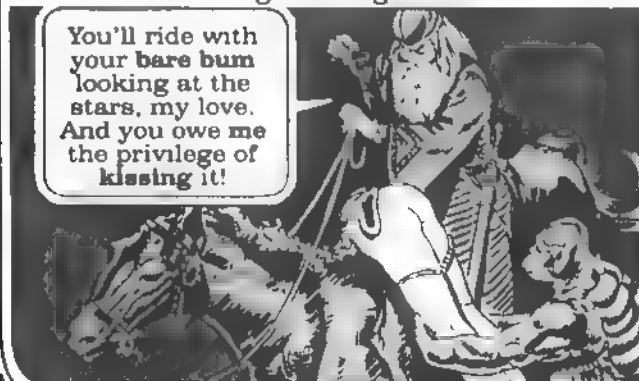


Tell me, wizard, why does she sleep?

She's a strong head, but she's guzzled too much even so.

Ghita's speech, laced with profanity and irreverent comment, seems never to reach Dahib's ear. To the halftroll she is, quite simply, divine. Any evidence to the contrary is summarily dismissed. Ghita does not understand his unquestioning devotion. She believes in neither gods nor goddesses.

Halftrolls are asexual creatures ... luckily for Dahib. His goddess is gifted with a body that could steam the foreheads of angels. Alas, however, many that were less than angels had shared her gifts. She is tawdry, obscene, good-humored and thieving. To Dahib she will ever be the queen of heaven!



You'll ride with your bare bum looking at the stars, my love. And you owe me the privilege of kissing it!



On to the purple forests of Asza and Nephys. Beyond lay the high volcanic mountains, host to the myriad caverns of Drome. A ragtag army would be birthed in those depths. Meanwhile, Allmarz would have to sit upon her haunches and endure the trespassers and the evil ambitions of Nergon, her new sovereign.



In truth, Dahib, being a wizard without employ is not an unhappy lot

A smutch of gin-mead and a bare buttock to admire is all that a man could ask!

His ear began to hear the faithful halftroll, as Ghita dreamed a dream of quiet. She will soon wake from a living dream and a horse beyond the dream of men!



WHERE, OH WHERE HAS HAPPY JIM GONE?

Boy, you guys really had me scared there. When 1984 #6 came and went without the usual episodic adventure of my favorite funny book hero, I'd thought he'd been relegated to oblivion for sure.

But then came issue seven #7, and Happy Jim Sunblaster was there in his usual full-color glory, hawking subscriptions to 1984, and my trepidation was calmed once and for all.

I knew you simply could not abandon one of the comics' finest cult hucksters since Charles Atlas.

HOWIE ZETTS
Tacoma, Wash.

Us abandon Happy Jim? How could we ever do such a thing, Howie? It would be like Christmas without a Santa Claus!

NO MORE REJECTS

Boy, you sure picked the right guy to author a satire on Marvel's idiotic costumed comic book heroes. Rich Margopolous put about as much thought into "Kaiser Warduke" as the average Marvel scripter puts into one of that company's assembly-line tales: None at all!

CATHY WOLFE
Oceanville, N.J.

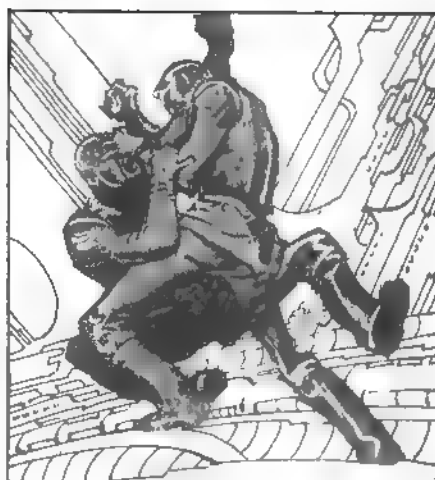
I would like to comment on one of the more neglected factors of 1984 magazine, but one that makes reading the magazine a distinct pleasure: The way the magazine is produced.

I am amazed, really at the ultra-clean look of the entire publication. The clean type face spaced evenly within the perfectly oval balloons in every panel, give 1984 a distinct look and personality unlike any other comic magazine published today.

It's a small thing really, and I would never have noticed it if not for the debate raging on your letters pages over the validity of replacing hand lettering with machine-set type. But I think it shows what a great deal of care is put into every issue of the magazine. Care, and I would imagine a certain amount of pride.

WILSON BOGATA
Brownsville, Texas

Our overworked and long-neglected production department thanks you, Wilson.



THORNE HIPSOFF THORNE

I caught Frank Thorne's act at the San Diego Comic Convention last year. And it seems to me that Ghita is an offshoot of his Wizard and Red Sonja performance, with Ghita's soddien vizir portraying grand master Thorne himself!

BENNY CASTILE
Clarkson, Calif.

I was under the impression that 1984 was supposed to be a magazine about the future. I don't want to be sour grapes, but what does Ghita have to do with the future?

BEGGS BEARDON
Cromwell, Okla.

You got us, Beggs! Ghita's central theme may be unrelated to the world of tomorrow. But it sure is fun to read, isn't it?!

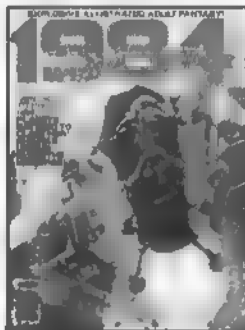
Address all correspondence to: **INCOMING TELEMETRY**, Warren Publishing, 145 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

EXPLORE THE FUTURE WITH PAST ISSUES OF 1984.

Back issues of 1984 magazine are going fast. Don't miss out. Be sure to order yours today!



1984 #1 \$4.00



1984 #2 \$3.00



1984 #3 \$3.00



1984 #5 \$2.00



1984 #6 \$2.00

Enclosed is \$_____ for: **WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016**

_____ copies of 1984 #1

_____ copies of 1984 #2

_____ copies of 1984 #3

_____ copies of 1984 #5

_____ copies of 1984 #6

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

The second, long-in coming revolutionary war was a lot like the first: Brought about by a corrupt, uncaring government bleeding the population of every right, every freedom, every dollar it could squeeze forth.

And like that first American war of Independence, the '84 rebellion had its heroes, its legends ... and its martyrs!



MADMEN and MESSIAHS

Like Orwell said, 1984 wasn't a particularly good year. After the gas riots of '81 and the tax strikes of '82, it seemed like things just couldn't get much worse.

They did!



The food shortages of '83 brought about the need for martial law. That, at least, was the official word from Ted Kennedy, royal emperor, hereditary king and veritable god in the White House.

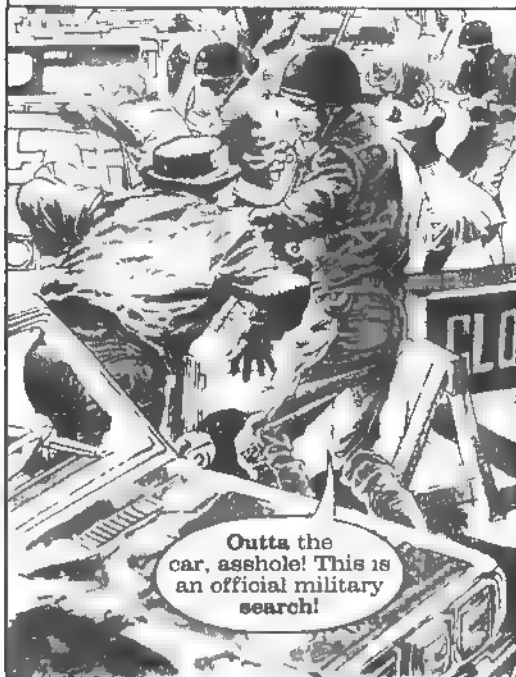
The way it looked to me, though, was that the army was preparing for that inevitable revolution by outlawing private arms ... revoking an ancient American right and making it illegal for the first time in the nation's history to possess a gun!



Sumbitch! Looky what that cockbag was hidin' on us, Fred! An old navy automatic!

Like good Americans everywhere, I too, layed down like a whipped dog when Uncle Teddy rationed me to ten gallons of gas a month! I grit my teeth when he ripped off more and more of my paycheck to pay the federal deficit. I didn't even bitch a lot when he pushed the price of food out of reach of Joe average American.

But when the bastard tried to relieve me of my guns . . . that just seemed like the final straw!



Outta the car, asshole! This is an official military search!

Even though I'd never owned a gun in my life, it seemed un-just, immoral and a whole lot like murder to deprive citizens of their right to protect themselves . . . especially in such turbulent times!



SKKT!

You can't do this!

You got somethin' t'hide, bitch?

Glenda! Noooooooo!

And yet, for all my dissident opinions, it's doubtful that I would ever have voiced an objection against the actions and policies of my government. One simply did not do such things when one was given a proper upbringing in the posh Kennedy-owned world of Hyannis Port, Massachusetts.



Look out, Fred! That cocksucker's gonna jump you!

BDOO!

Nooooooo!

I'd left that world months before, sickened by the privileges of the rich, while the poor daily lost their struggle for survival. It was a meager protest on my part, motivated more by indignant self-righteousness than a genuine desire for justice.



Jesus, Jimmy! Did you see that? They executed that man . . . in cold blood!

It's insanity! The world has gone mad!

I was in the process of crawling home with my tail between my legs when I was swept by an irreversible tide of violence into a world of savagery and death.



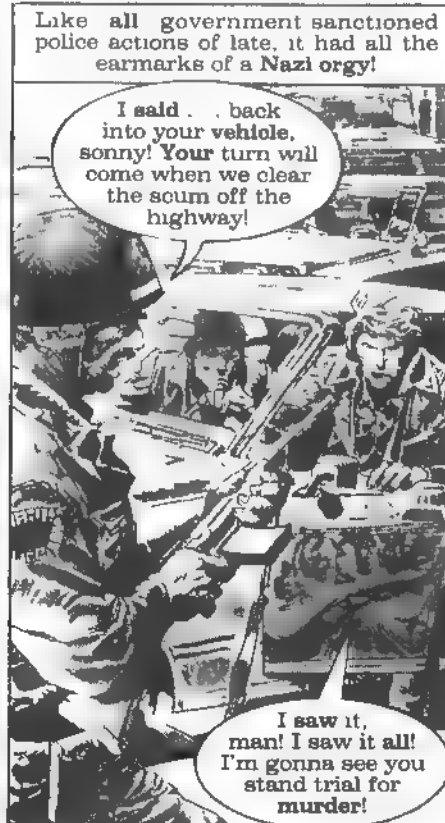
Get back in your car, asshole! This is no concern of yours!

You pigs! Bastards! You've murdered my husband!

Shut up, lady! You saw it! He tried to kill me!

With what? He wasn't even armed!

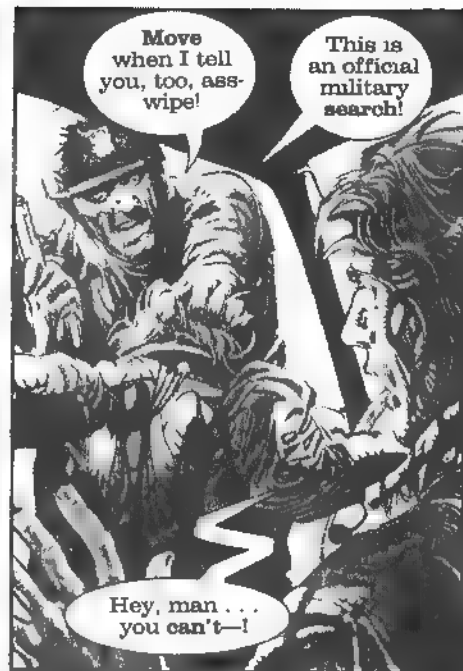
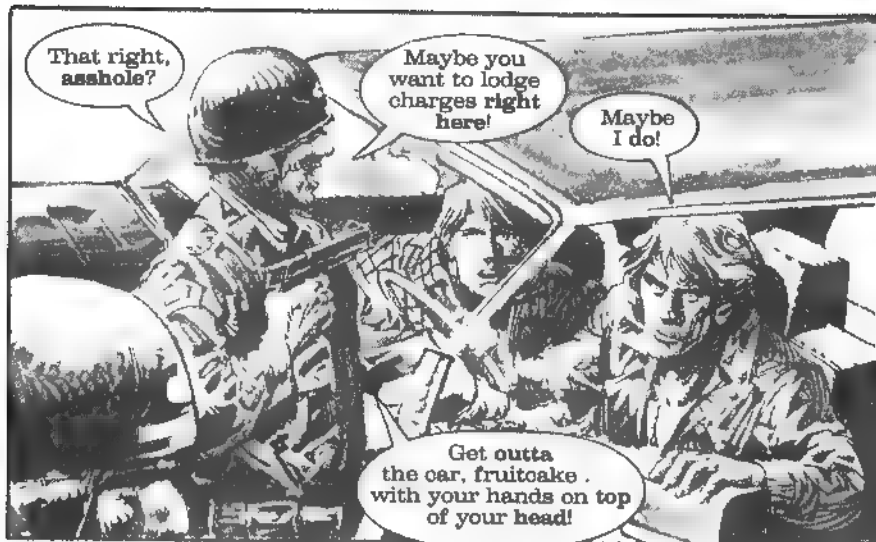
It was a roadblock, halting all traffic into the plush Hyannis community. The purpose, purportedly, to search for illegal weapons.



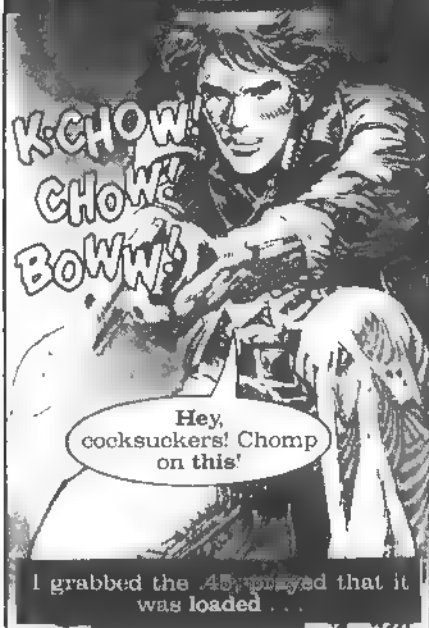
Like all government sanctioned police actions of late, it had all the earmarks of a Nazi orgy!

I said . . . back into your vehicle, sonny! Your turn will come when we clear the scum off the highway!

I saw it, man! I saw it all! I'm gonna see you stand trial for murder!



The goosetompers were swarming all over him even before he could get in his first good punch. I knew they and there that I could do no less than he had done for me.



and rejoiced as my prayers were answered'



BAM!
BAM!
BOW!



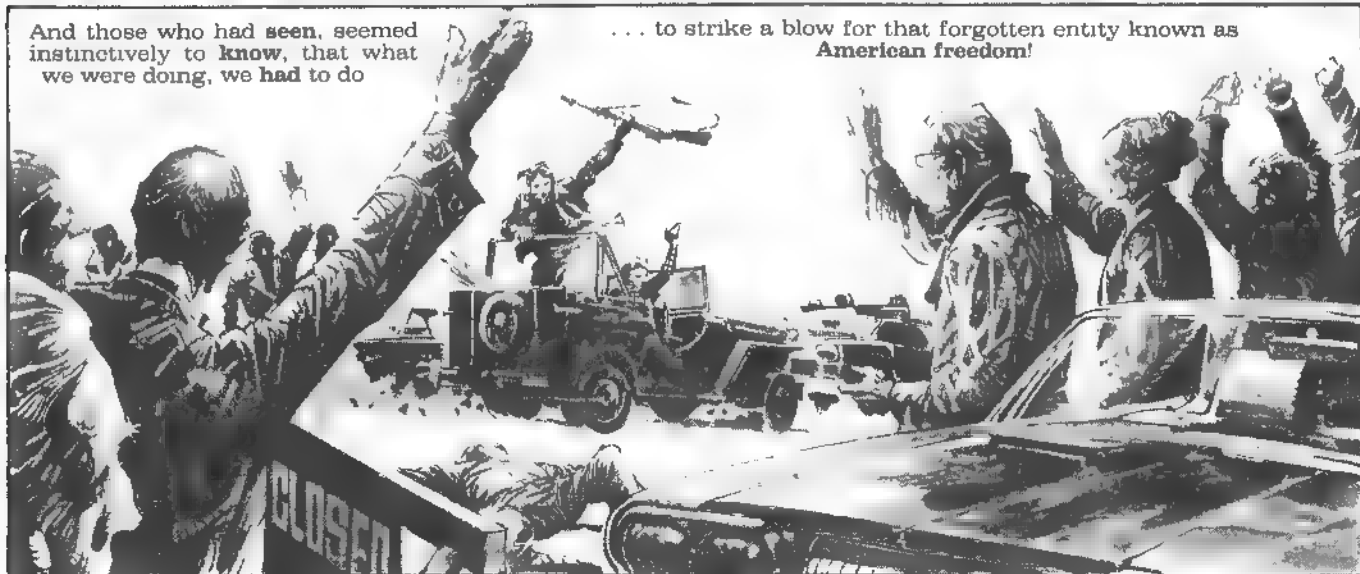
Jimmy managed to wrest a second gun from one of the pig bastards. Neither of us, after a lifetime of pampered luxury, had ever before held a weapon. But we were Butch and Sundance, Poncho and Cisco, Batman and Robin as we emptied our clips in the name of truth, justice and the American Way!

No one made a move to stop us. No one said a word as they watched in frozen horror. Men had died! Sadistic men, albeit, who were doing their duty, in a world turned dirty and sad!



And those who had seen, seemed instinctively to know, that what we were doing, we had to do

... to strike a blow for that forgotten entity known as American freedom!



Jimmy and I never planned it. Neither of us had an ounce of heroic blood between us. Our roles were thrust upon us by an irreversible twist of fate.

Once on the patriotic road of righteousness, we knew there was no turning back. We were instant, full-blown revolutionaries, sought by every law enforcement agency in the land!



We began our Robin Hood roles by "appropriating" just enough funds to finance a fledgling army.

We brought guns and bodies and propaganda. And hit fast and hard at targets guaranteed to garner us the biggest headlines!



Our tactics lie in psychological warfare. Figs and blackshirts had to die. It wasn't pretty, but tactically it was a brutal necessity!



We... the Americans for Freedom, were expressing our constitutionally sanctioned right of dissent in the most graphic manner possible?

Small groups of patriots, much like our own, were springing up in every major city. Though we fought for a common cause, there was nothing which bound us together. Crushing local governments, smashing isolated military units, we all failed to strike that ever-important devastating blow, which would permanently cripple the government.



We weren't more than three months into our fight, with all going well, when Jimmy devised a plan to bring us the victory and the peace we so desperately craved!

Brothers and sisters... listen to me

We're about to shift this fucking war into high gear!

Tomorrow we cut off the cancerous head of this corrupt nation!

We take down the Fuehrer of the United States!



It was ironic that we, the youth of the nation, had put **Teddy Kennedy** into office! He was the great white hope the knight in shining armor, the glorious, resurrected **Messiah**, who was going to **save us** all after madmen and Georgians had nearly led us to ruin!



He was the last of Rose's charismatic offspring... and the **living asshole** who brought about the great American apocalypse!



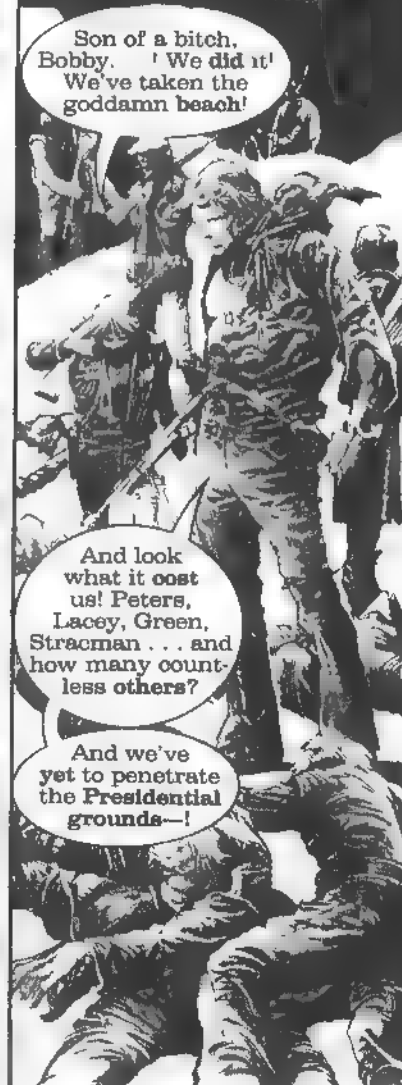
While he basked in the sun of his beach front mansion, his **gestapo** pillaged American freedoms.



It wouldn't be easy getting to the bastard. But Jimmy and I had an edge. We knew the ins and outs of the exclusive Hyannis Port dunes, having played there all of our lives.



It was more glorious than D-Day, better choreographed than Iwo Jima. We were the cavalry storming the beaches. And it looked as though this time we had won!





They're probably sneaking the bastard out right now with him laughing at us as he makes his getaway!

Oh, shit! And that's not the worst of our troubles, Bobby. Here comes the gestapo with their heavy artillery!



As if the Huey Cobra wasn't bad enough, it had been super-charged, armor-plated, and mounted with twin recoilless man-eaters, spewing forth three thousand rounds per minute!

BDDA-BDDA-BDDA!

Fuckin' hippies are all dead meat!



They plowed into us like the proverbial shovel through a pile of shit!

There was no place to run, no place to hide. Against the open dunes, we were fish in bullet-riddled barrel!

The wreckage, Jimmy...! Dive for the wreckage!

K-CHOW!

ZING!

T-ZING!

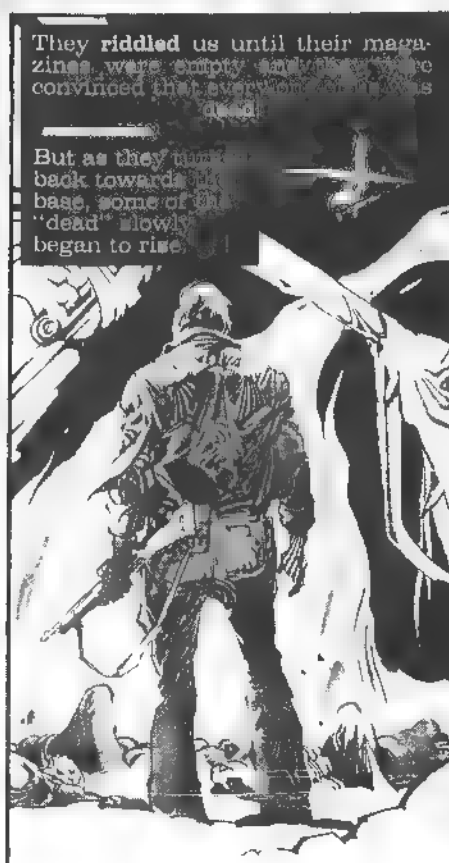
T-ZOO!



A few of us found refuge in the still-smoldering ruins of the chopper we had downed earlier.

WIKOW!
TWING!

But it wasn't enough. The bastards kept hammering away, and our own shells flattened like peas against the Huey's armored hide.



They riddled us until their magazines were empty and we were convinced that everyone was dead.

But as they turned back towards the base, some of the "dead" slowly began to rise.



There wasn't but a handful of us, most sporting blood like dripping sieves.

We knew we didn't have time for a prayer. Their gray-mop-up squad would be on in ten seconds!

Oh Christ!
Oh God! Those murdering sons of bitches!

Jimmy... my brave little Jimmy had almost been cut in two. He'd taken three hits across his belly and was trying desperately to keep from toppling over his own dangling insides as we helped him limp toward safety.

Hang on, Jimmy! Please! Only a few more steps. We can rest in that underbrush!

Ha ha! That's right, shitlickers! You come on in to safety!

Ha ha ha!

'They were waiting for us with a jeep mounted Browning .50 calibre machine gun.

We could see from their leering grins that they planned to end the rebellious uprising right then and there... by exterminating the "blood-thirsty dissidents!"

This is the end of the road, motherfuckers! You can bend over and kiss your sweet asses goodbye!

NOOOO!

It was Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Treblinka '84 style. It was Hitler's Germany right here in America.

BDDA-BDDA-BDD!

The butchering assholes never gave us a chance. Their laughter echoed in my brothers' deaf ears, the last sound they would ever hear.

Somehow... through some miracle of god... Jimmy, already half-dead from the bastards' aerial attack, dragged himself away from the barking Browning.

I immediately shot at the smirking pigs and dived after my brother, praying that somehow... we could get far enough away—!

Jimmy—! Oh, Jimmy, please make it, man! You've got to!

K-CHOW!
DOW!
PTOW!

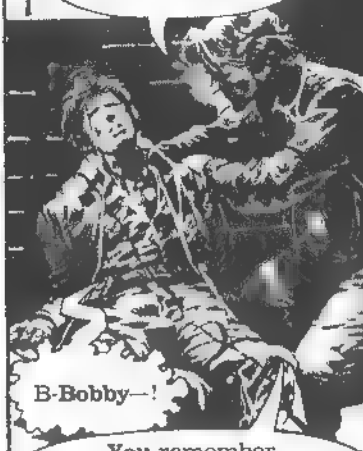
I don't know how...! God I don't know—! But we left the bloody carnage behind.



Ohhhhhh
... Bobby ...
Hurts . . . hurts
so bad!

There was an old cabin nearby where Jimmy and I had played when we were kids. I didn't expect it to still be standing. But I knew that reaching it was our last . . . our only desperate hope!

We're gonna be all right, man! We're safe, Jimmy . . . in the Hideaway!



B-Bobby—!

You remember the Hideaway, man! Ha ha! We used to come up here and play pirates! Remember, Jimmy—? Remember—! We're home!

Yeah . . . at long last, Jimmy and I had come home. My lifelong friend and brother had given his all in the new struggle for American freedoms. But to the bureaucratic fat-cats who made our laws and stole those freedoms by the fistful, Jimmy's all just . . . wasn't worth a damn!



The murdering pigs will be coming for me soon, too. They know that we've eluded them, and it shouldn't take long for them to follow Jimmy's trail of blood to our "Hideaway."

I should run. I should try to escape, join with other patriots and continue our struggle for right.

But I would be just one more voice among the hundreds which are daily joining our cause.



There is a far better way in which I can serve the rebellion. A much more proper role for the nephew of the President of the United States.

And that, Uncle Ted, is why I write you, in what I know will be my final moments of life.



The cause needs its John the Baptist. The people cry out for their Jean of Arc! Every struggle must have a martyr around which to rally.

I will be that martyr. I will be your downfall!



When the American people learn that your own family stands against you, they will rise in glorious unison . . . and topple the throne which you have abused.

Daddy always said you'd make one dipshit of a president!

Your loving nephew

—Bobby

BDOOW!

**THE NEW WARREN AGE
OF EXCITEMENT HAS ARRIVED!**

**IN THE ALL-NEW ADVENTURE-PACKED
MAGAZINE!**

The ROOK

FEATURING:

**THE MASTER
OF TIME!**

BOLT

BUCK BLASTER!

**MANNERS
THE ROBOT!**

AT NEWS STANDS EVERYWHERE...

...AUGUST 1st!

"Remember earth?"

"Remember when you were a kid and you dropped an unwanted mouthful of hot dog in the grass or by the curb of an asphalt sidewalk? Remember when you came back that afternoon and it was covered with ants? You were feeling mean, so you doused them with lighter fluid and torched them? Remember?"

"Remember how the earth got itself fried like that, too?"

ONCE UPON A HOLOCAUST!



Now, do you remember me? That glazed, empty look in your eyes and that thick, red tongue of yours hanging out, ain't about to fool old zero. You remember, you scumhole!

You . . . you've got the wrong man!

That's funny!
That's downright hilarious,
Hardtack, considering that you and
I are probably the last men on earth.
"Wrong man!" Sheeee-it!

Move your ass,
shitface! You know where
I want to go!



It took me
a while to find
the Cryogenic
Center. But I knew
that when I found
it, I'd find you,
too!

So don't
try a guided
tour of the city.
I know where
we're going!

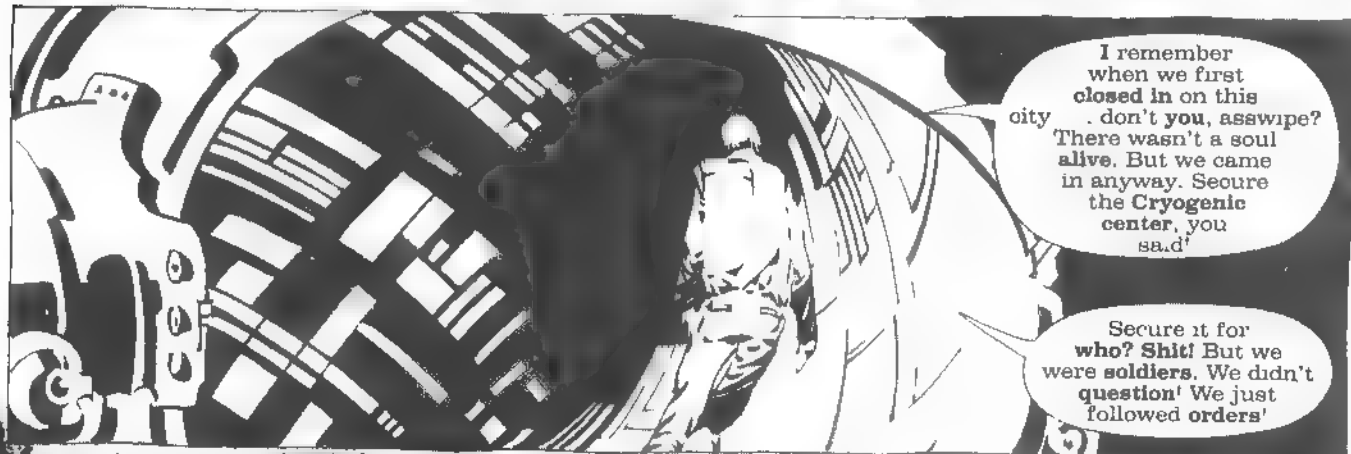


You think about
the guys much, or does
all that overtime suckle-
fuckle you're doing
occupy too much of
your attention?

I think about them.
They weren't exactly good
ol' boys, but they were the last
men alive, and that made them
kind of precious
don't you think?!



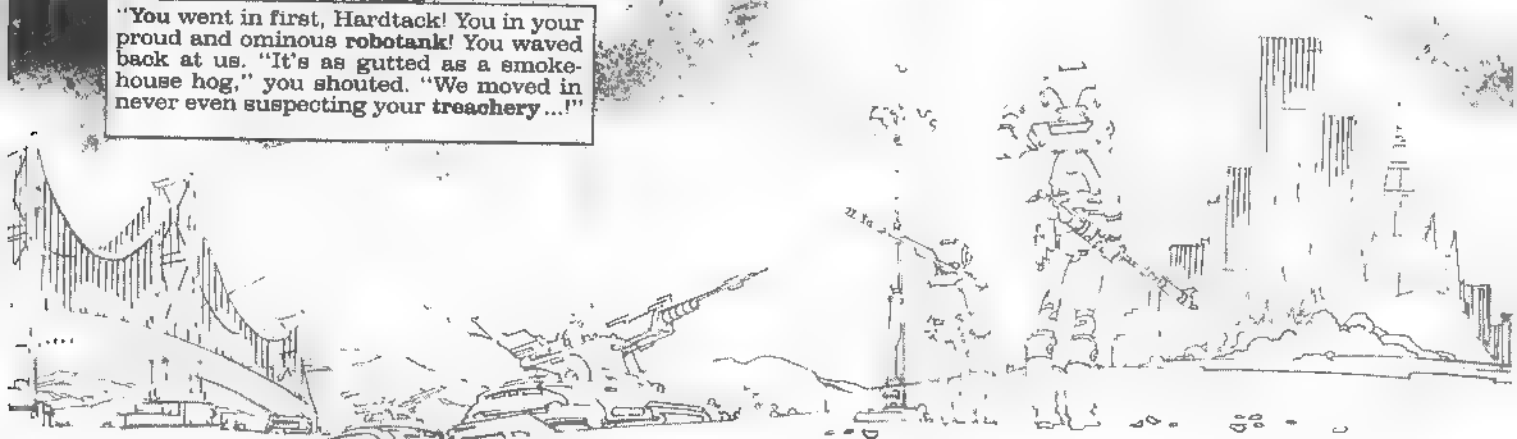
Don't
try it,
Hardtack.
You make a
right here!



I remember
when we first
closed in on this
city . don't you, asshole?
There wasn't a soul
alive. But we came
in anyway. Secure
the Cryogenic
center, you
said!

Secure it for
who? Shit! But we
were soldiers. We didn't
question! We just
followed orders!

"You went in first, Hardtack! You in your
proud and ominous robotank! You waved
back at us. "It's as gutted as a smoke-
house hog," you shouted. "We moved in
never even suspecting your treachery ...!"



"That's when you turned your cannon on us and sizzled our hides!"

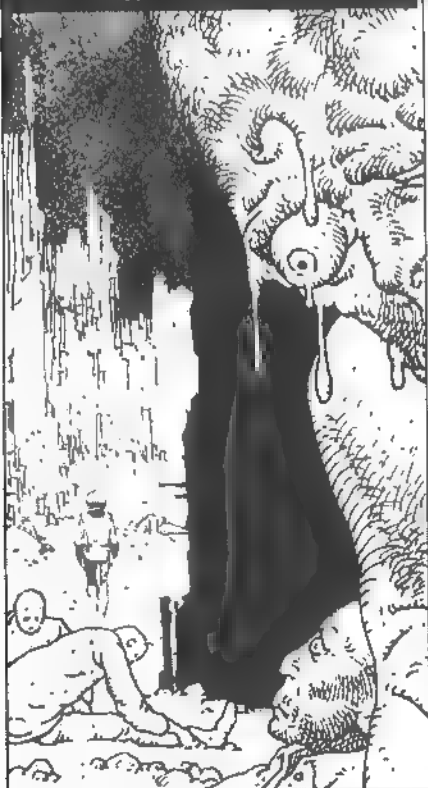
FLOOOOOM!

"You even melted down half the city just to cover your tracks."

"I always meant to ask you, asshole... just who did you think was coming after you? Aside from me, there wasn't anybody left!"

BWADOOOM!

"I've got to tell you... I was wounded bad, Hardack. Real bad! I saw you once, trudging proudly down Third Avenue. I wanted to follow you to the Cryo Center... I wanted to kill you. But I... I was still too weak!"



Hold it, scumnuts!
Not that way. We make a left here. So help me, Hardack, if you want to stay alive—!



It's shorter this way, Zero. Really it is.

That's grand central. Yeah, I suppose you're right. But no tricks! I haven't decided yet, whether or not I'm going to kill you. So it behooves you to stay on my better side.



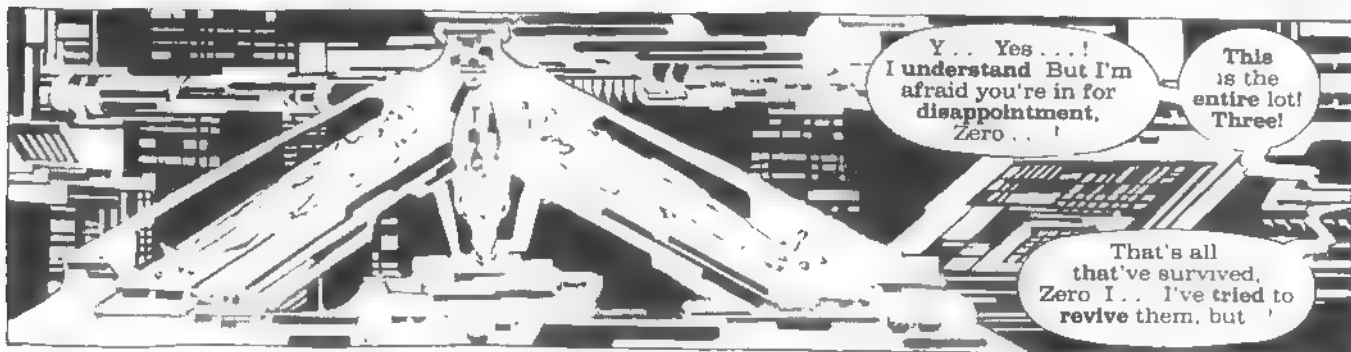




Lucked out, didn't you, Hardtack? But don't worry. Now that I'm here, I'm not going to snuff you! I still need you to wake up the ladies!

Surprised? Thought I'd have a face like a half-melted candle, didn't you?

I'm a whole man, scumbuts, and I think you know what that means



Y... Yes...! I understand. But I'm afraid you're in for disappointment, Zero...

This is the entire lot! Three!

That's all that've survived, Zero I... I've tried to revive them, but

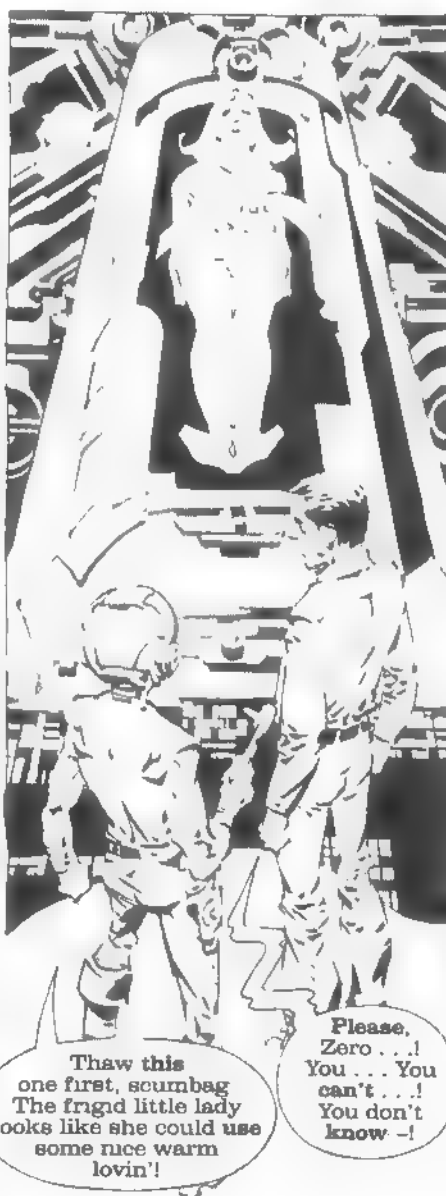


Get off it, Hardtack! That's why you wanted this place for yourself, isn't it!? You're no soldier

... but you are an expert in suspended animation. You wanted these little love boxes for your own enjoyment!

You... you're wrong, Zero!

But... Adam started with one Eve, so I suppose this puts me two ahead of him.



Thaw this one first, scumbag. The frigid little lady looks like she could use some nice warm lovin'!

Please, Zero...! You... You can't...! You don't know -!



Do it, Hardtack, or I'll crap you out where you stand!

Oh God! F-forgive me...!



You cheap-
shit prick! I
oughtta boll your
brains!

I... I
tried to
warn you,
Zero! It's
happened
before!
They...
they're too
unstable!

They...
keep
breaking up
on me!



You dick-hokin'
asswipe! You've got
two ladies left! You'd
better bring both of them
out of the freezer safely
... or I'm gonna stop being
so goddamn friendly!



I... I
can't, Zero!
For god's sake,
man... don't you think
I've tried! I want them
as badly as you
do...!

But
something's
wrong

Something's
terribly
wrong!



This
is your
last chance
to make it
right,
asshole!



You waste
this sweetmeat
and I'm wasting
you!

P-please,
Zero...! This
isn't like any
cryo-unit I've
ever operated
before.

The equipment...
the machinery...
is so... different. But...
but it's working, Zero...!
Good god, it's working! She...
she's coming around!

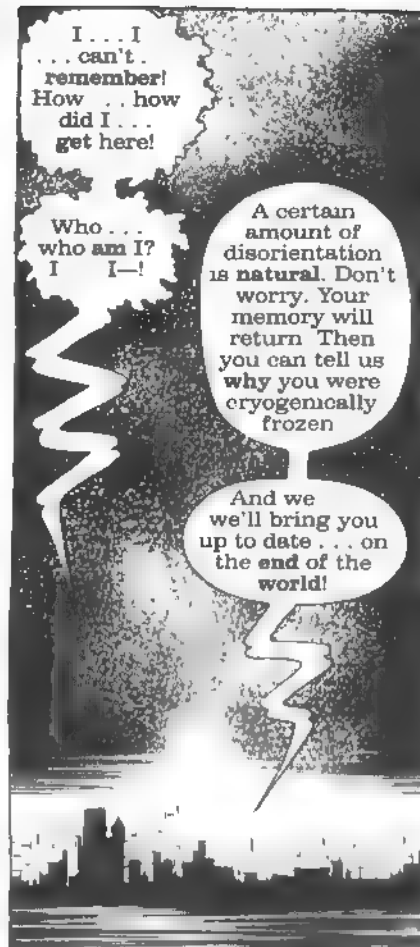


Oh, Christ,
Hardtack! She...
she's beautiful!



I feel so weak... It... it—! My throat! Hurts to talk!

Don't strain yourself, sweetheart. Take it slow.



I... I... can't remember! How... how did I... get here!

Who... who am I? I... I—!

A certain amount of disorientation is natural. Don't worry. Your memory will return. Then you can tell us why you were cryogenically frozen.

And we'll bring you up to date... on the end of the world!



Satisfied now. Zero. You've got your life-long companion. I only have to repeat my steps for the next one.

Then do it, Hardtack! Now!



Machinery whirs and hums to life. Warmth and oxygen slowly fill the final chamber, and the beautiful young girl within, slowly opens her eyes!

Don't try to talk, dear. Given time... you'll be just fine.



Ha! Ha! Ain't that the truth, Hardtack.

But your time has just run out.

Zero... n-no...! Y-You can't! The... the women—! They need us... both! To... to repopulate the world!



BAKOWWW!

Fuck you, asspain!

I'm the only man they need!

I'm going to be the new daddy of all mankind!



The MINISCULE ADVENTURES OF HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER!

Gosh, Happy Jim,
why is our ship rocking
so rhythmically out of
control?

You don't
suppose it has anything
to do with the wanton
sexual mores of the
multi-organic mammoth
Libidian Lech-blobs
we've ensconced away in
our cargo hold?

Nix, Skeeze! I think we're under
attack by the lascivious
lib-licking Lechmen of
Limload IV!

Don't tell me,
Happy Jim! They're
after your latest
issue of 1984!
Right?!

Wrong, Skeeze!
As incredible as it
may seem, they really
do have the hots for
the Lech-blobs in
our cargo hold!

But never fear!
I'll offer them my copy
of 1984 instead! It just
might appease their
limitless sensual mores
until the next shipment
of Lech-blobs
arrives!

What's the matter, Bunky? Are the Lech-blobs in short supply in your neighborhood, too? Never fear! Let 1984 quell your quivering libidinous urges in their stead. Subscribe today! You'll be amazed at your piece of mind tomorrow!

☐ Six issues for \$9.00 ☐ Twelve issues for \$18.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Mail to: WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Subscription Department
145 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

In Canada and outside the U.S.A., please add \$3.00 to all subscription rates.

PRESTIGIOUS! COLORFUL! ACTION-PACKED! COLLECTORS ART BOOKS!

MECHANISMO



The future is now! In *Mechanismo*, space travel, space cities & bionic robots have arrived! Discover the most startling machines, mind boggling vistas and the most incredible color illustrations. Plus photos from NASA to Star Wars. All packed into this 118-page book. All on glossy paper! 10"x10" quality paperback. #21326/\$7.95

ALIEN CREATURES

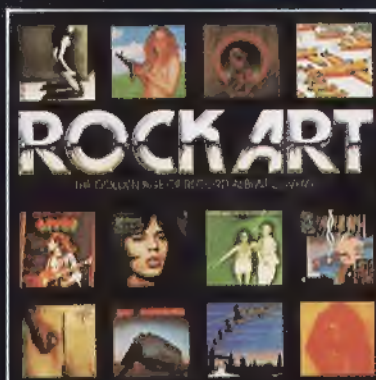
ALIEN CREATURES



By Richard Siegel and J-C Suard

Since the earliest days of television & the movies, aliens have slithered, crawled and bounced across the screen. Where do they come from? How long have they been with us? How did they get here? This book covers it all from Wells to Star Wars. 32 pages of full-color illustrations. A big 8"x10" quality paperback. #21325/\$6.95

ROCK ART



Art from the golden age of Rock 'n Roll, Pop, Soul, Rhythm and Blues. A decade-long explosion of graphics, design and record cover art is lushly and lavishly reproduced in brilliant full-color. The covers of Rod Stewart, Roxy, Rolling Stones and The Beatles. Plus many more in this 10"x10" quality paperback. #21338/\$8.95

MYTHOPOEIKON

Patrick Woodroffe is here in all his glory, in scintillating color and brilliant design. England's premier artist of fantastic, bizzare science fiction is collected in this lavish book containing hundreds of full-color paintings and drawings, with biography & comments on his art. 10"x10" quality paperback. #21314/\$9.95



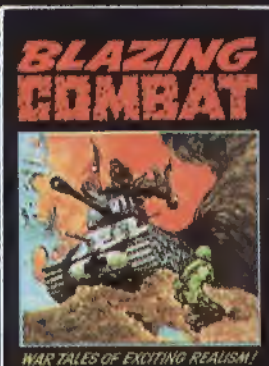
GREAT BALLS of FIRE



Sex in science fiction! A lush full-color history of science fiction and the fair sex. From pulp to pop this 111-page paperback is gorgeously illustrated by Moe-bius, Druillet, San-julian, with color reproductions from the Warren magazines, Heavy Metal and many, many more! In a large 10"x10" paperback format. #21304/\$7.95

BLAZING COMBAT

The best of Blazing Combat, as originally published in 1965. Action-packed stories of all the wars from the American Revolution to Viet Nam. On land, in the air and under the sea. Explosive wartime classics in a large 8"x11" paperback. 17 stories and four full-color cover paintings by the fabulous Fra-zetta. #21331/\$4.50



DON'T DELAY! ORDER YOUR COPIES TODAY!

WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY
145 E. 32 Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Total Enclosed: _____

- ☐ ___ copies of MYTHPOEIKON #21314/\$9.95
- ☐ ___ copies of MECHANISMO #21326/\$7.95
- ☐ ___ copies of ALIEN CREATURES #21325/\$6.95
- ☐ ___ copies of BLAZING COMBAT #21331/\$4.50

You must be 18 years or older to order the following books:

- ☐ ___ copies of THE GOLDEN AGE of ROCK ART #21338/\$8.95
- ☐ ___ copies of GREAT BALLS of FIRE #21304/\$7.95

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

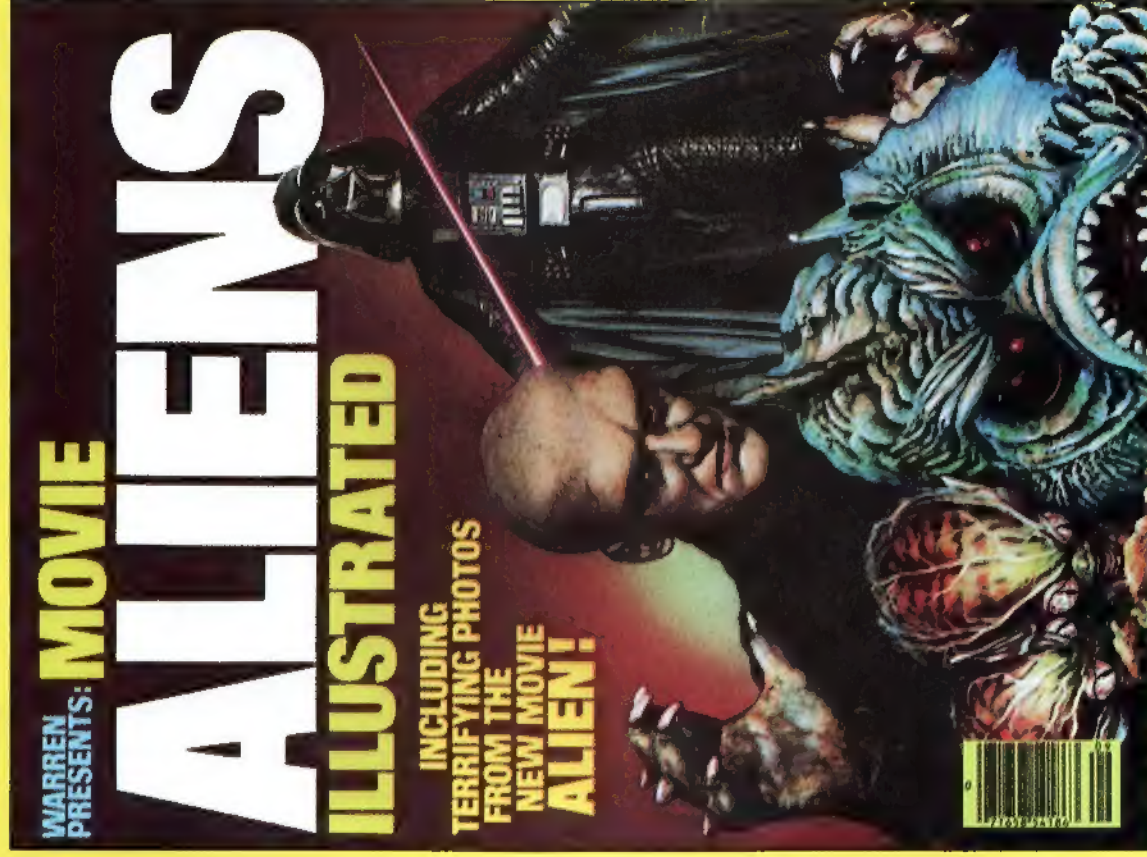
STATE _____ ZIP _____

WARREN PRESENTS 2 NEW ISSUES!



ALIEN INVASION COMIX 6 of the most truly spectacular comic stories from Warren Publishing by Nino, Cuti, Sutton and others. Plus an exciting feature article on the incredible movie **ALIEN**! 72 pages, large 8½" x 11" format! **AIC/\$2.00**

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



MOVIE ALIENS ILLUSTRATED No holds barred as Warren presents 7 in-depth articles on filmdom's most classic alien invasions including **Night of the Blood Beast**, the **Green Slime** and **ALIEN**! 72 exciting pages, 8½" x 11" format! **MAI/\$2.00**